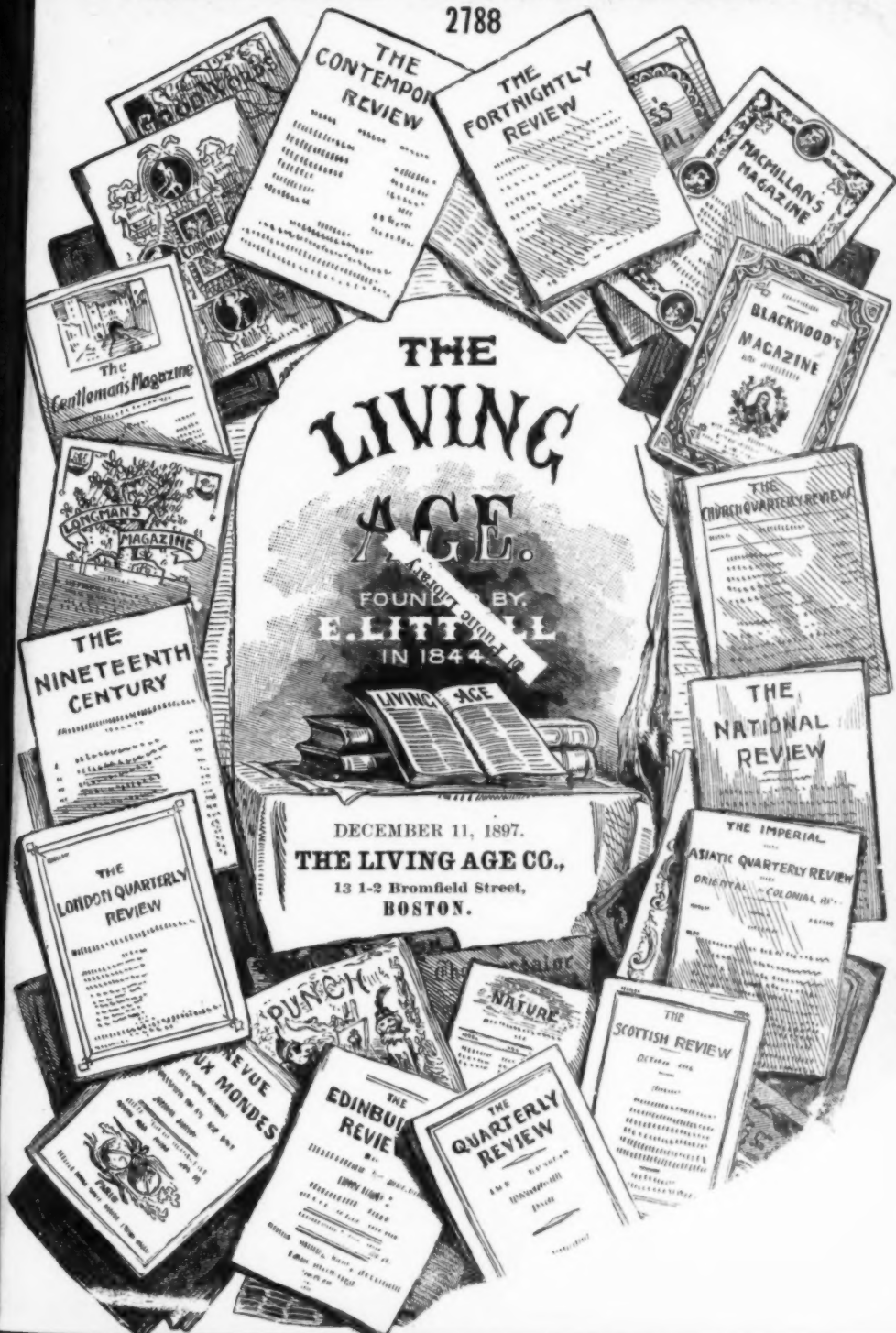


RECENT SCIENCE—By PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

2788



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THE PIPES AT DARGAI.

October 20th, 1897.

[In the lead of the charge were the pipers, one of whom was shot through both ankles. He continued piping, sitting where he fell, amid a hail of bullets.]—*Daily Paper.*

"Tis a ball in my heel, and the pipes cannot go

Where the tartans go swarming.

"Tis a ball in the other, and Robbie lies low,

While the Gordons are storming.

O lads, can ye fight if the pibroch be dumb?

O lads, has your Robbie yet throttle and thumb?

Then it's after and after and after you come

My piping and I to the storming.

Rob's down on the dust, in the pelt of the balls,

While the Gordons are storming.

The bonnets a-dance in the reek of the squalls

Are falling—are forming.

O, Rob has no foot with the Gordons to go,

But breath in his cheek has their Robbie to blow,

And the pibroch goes on with the bonnets a-row,

And the piping is first at the storming.

Speaker. J. H. SKRINE.

MORT D'ETE.

Were it only a gleam or a spark,
Of the light that forever has fled—
I stretch out my hands in the dark,
For the summer is dead!

Bright youth with its sun-tinted way,
Fair seed-time and harvest all o'er;
I stand at the close of the day
On the winnowing floor.

There were grasses that waved in the wind,

There were blossoms and fruit on the tree,

Red roses? I left them behind,
For they were not for me!

How golden for some was the grain!

How rich the ripe vintage—and fair
The blossoms that hung on the wain—

But *my* garner is bare!

Were it only a gleam or a spark
Of the light that forever has fled—
I stretch out my hands in the dark,
For the summer is dead!

Argosy. AGNES E. GLASE.

SONG OF THE ARMENIAN SHEPHERD.

One by one the stars arise
In the meadows of the skies;
One by one, all white and still,
Rest my sheep on yonder hill.
Now I lay my crook away,
Toil is over with the day;
Kneeling at my frugal board,
Break the bread, and bless the Lord.

Lord, look on me and on us all,
And make us blest,
And send us rest,
At this and every evenfall!

All the day, afar from me,
They have wandered wild and free;
All the day I followed still,
Rock to rock and hill to hill,
Calling down the gorges deep,
"Come ye back, my wandering sheep,"
Till at eve I brought them home,
Safe in fold, no more to roam!

Lord, do thus much for me and all,
And when we stray
From Thy good way
O fetch us home at evenfall!
Quiver. FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY.

THE STORM IS DYING WITH THE DAY.

The storm is dying with the day,
And crimson fringes fret the grey;
The shifting clouds show lakes of blue,
And in the West the sun looks through.

Listen, through all the woods is plain
The music of melodious rain,
And from the oak the blackbird's psalm
Hushes the weeping woods to calm.

O Nature, whom thy children trust,
Mother of myriads, it is just!
My grief has had thy tears awhile,
Smile now for others who can smile!

F. W. BOURDILLON.

From *The Nineteenth Century*.
RECENT SCIENCE.

I.

One of the chief problems that are now under discussion among geologists and physical geographers is undoubtedly the origin of mountains, plateaus, valleys, and oceanic depressions; in other words, the origin of the various forms assumed by the earth's surface. In fact, the problem is contemporaneous with the beginnings of science itself. Descartes and Newton paid attention to it, but it was only in the second part of this century that the detailed geological exploration of mountain regions could supply the necessary elements for a thoroughly scientific discussion of this vast problem.

Over wide areas of the earth's surface the sediments which had been deposited in past ages at the bottom of the ocean, or of interior seas, have retained up to the present time their nearly horizontal position. They now lie several hundreds or several thousands of feet above the level of the seas in which they were deposited; but they have not been much disturbed during this change of level. Their flat surfaces stretch over hundreds and thousands of miles, with but very slight dips towards this or that part of the horizon. This is the case in the wide plains of North and South America, Asia and Eastern Europe. As soon, however, as we enter a mountain region we find the same strata lifted up, bent in all directions, folded and contorted in the most fantastic ways, and the question necessarily arises, How did these disturbances originate? What were the agencies which produced the wonderful mountain scenery which man never ceases to admire?

The answer which used to be given to this question some fifty years ago is well known. Chains of mountains were considered as immense rents in the earth's crust, through which masses of igneous molten rocks had been ejected from the interior, lifting up, bending, and folding the formerly horizontal strata. Running water has

subsequently sculptured these broken and folded strata, scooping out of their fractures the valleys, the gorges, and the rock basins now filled up with lakes. A force acting from beneath, and the seat of which was in the igneous molten interior of the globe, has lifted up the mountains, violently bending and breaking the stratified rocks, while in other parts of the earth's crust the same force has gently lifted up the plains and the plateaus without disturbing their strata, and it continues to produce the secular upheavals which are going on still in Scandinavia, Polar America, on the coasts of Chili, etc.

This theory of mountain building, which we owe to Hutton, was admirably and most poetically worked out by L. von Buch and by Humboldt as the theory of "a reaction of the interior of the globe upon its surface;" and it embodied in a grand generalization the origin of mountains and continents, the eruptions of the volcanoes, and the earthquakes. Elie de Beaumont completed it by showing that different chains of mountains were lifted up at different geological periods, and that during each period the rents in the earth's crust were produced in a different direction. And when Lyell and his followers had proved that no sudden upheavals took place, and that all changes in the earth's surface are accomplished by means of very slow processes, the current theories were modified accordingly, but their substance was retained. We were taught these theories in our youth, and they are still taught in most of our schools.

The wonderful variety of mountain structure which is offered by the North American continent, and was revealed by the extensive explorations of the American geologists, as well as the peculiarities of mountain architecture which became known after detailed geological surveys had been made in Great Britain and the Alps, entirely modified the current ideas as to the origin of mountains. The importance of erosion, both by the rivers and the sea waves, certainly was not

overlooked even by the earliest geologists. Its full meaning, however, was only understood when the explorers of the American continent familiarized us with the stupendous scale upon which erosion was once at work on the Grand Plateau of the Colorado, and when A. Heim disclosed, on the other side, its full effects in the Alps.

The amount of erosion accomplished by the Colorado River and its tributaries in the great plateau of western North America was a revelation for geologists. The surface of the plateau being covered with Tertiary lacustrine deposits, and these deposits having remained intact on both banks of the three thousand to five thousand feet deep cañons which intersect the plateau, it was proved that the rivers had cut their beds through these deposits, as well as through thousands of feet of underlying hard rocks, since the Tertiary period. In certain places the horizontal strata of which the plateau is built up have been excavated, so as to produce a cleft, three thousand feet deep, running between two vertical walls which are separated from each other by the width only of the river. In other places the rocks are sculptured into separate mountains and ridges, from three thousand to five thousand feet high, by a network of eroded valleys—the mountain scenery obtained in such cases being one of unsurpassed grandeur.¹ It became evident that under certain favorable conditions of relief and climate, a river was able to excavate a bed, three hundred miles long, about eleven miles wide at the top of the gap, and from three thousand to over five thousand feet deep, almost since man's appearance on the earth. Moreover, within the same

relatively short geological period, masses of rocks, several thousands of feet thick (ten thousand feet in certain places), had been removed by denudation from the surface of the plateau.²

And yet the full importance of erosion as a factor of mountain making is only appreciated when its results are studied in mountain regions such as the Alps, the Rocky Mountains, or the Highlands of Scotland. Heim may be said to have opened a new era in the theory of mountains by showing to what a colossal extent erosion had been instrumental in the sculpture of the Alps. Not only wide and deep valleys were scooped out by rivers and glaciers, but whole masses of strata, thousands of feet thick, were destroyed and carried away, so as to leave only isolated peaks. Some of the peaks rise now where there formerly were valleys—the whole of the mountains which formerly surrounded the valley having disappeared. The result is that entire mountain ranges have now no relation to the direction and the dip of the strata, being sculptured by erosion on both their slopes.³ Following the lines previously indicated by several explor-

¹ We certainly cannot show in Europe examples of erosion of horizontal strata on the same grand scale as it is seen in the Colorado plateau. However, the amount of erosion (or "circum-denudation") in the Faröe Islands is well worth noticing. These islands are but outstanding portions of a continuous plateau which was formerly composed of horizontal beds, and covered the whole of the area now occupied by the islands. The plateau is now cut through by valleys, up to seventeen miles long, seven miles wide, and over 1,000 feet deep, the islands rising above the sounds and fjords from 1,000 to 2,850 feet. These valleys are "not gaping cracks or fractures," but are the work of erosion (James Geikie, in *Scottish Geographical Magazine*, ii, 1886, p. 147).

² A. Heim, "Blick auf die Geschichte der Alpen." in *Verhandlungen der schweizerischen naturforschenden Gesellschaft*, 1870-1871, and "Untersuchungen über den Mechanismus der Gebirgsbildung," Basel, 1878.

³ Jukes in England and Hayden in America, in 1862, as also Medlicott for the Himalayas, Rütlimeyer for the Alps, and Joseph LeConte and Fred W. Hutton.

¹ The Colorado cañon was first explored by Newberry in 1857-58, and more fully by Major Powell in 1860-73. For a general description see Captain C. E. Dutton's "History of the Grand Cañon," published in 1882. An excellent summary of the leading features of the Colorado plateau was given by Major Powell in the *American Journal of Science*, 3rd series, vol. v., 1873, p. 456, and vol. xii. 1876, p. 414 ("Types of Orographic Structure,") being a reprint from his report on the "Geology of the Uinta Mountains."

ers,⁴ Heim demonstrated moreover that erosion must have gone on hand in hand with mountain-building agencies, and that the strata must have been scooped and eroded while they were folded, squeezed up, and thrust upon each other. The beautiful scenery of the Alps and the Highlands of Scotland, or the still more impressive scenery of the Rocky Mountains, is due to the combined action of both forces; and when now, on entering the Rocky Mountains from the central plains of Canada, we see the stony giants scooped out in the most fantastic shapes, with Cretaceous strata lying in all positions on the very tops of the bluish-grey pyramids, bell-towers, truncated cones, etc.—we understand that all these marvellous forms would remain inexplicable if the simultaneous action of mountain building and mountain sculpture were not taken into account.

Another important element was introduced into the discussions about the origin of mountains when geologists became familiar with the type of mountains which is now currently described in geology as the "Appalachian type."¹ It is well known that the United States are covered along the Atlantic border with a system of parallel ridges—the Appalachians. On an immense stretch, from Newfoundland to Alabama, and on a width of more than a hundred miles, the whole mass of the Paleozoic rocks, including the coal measures (thirty thousand to forty thousand feet thick), has been compressed into numerous folds, big and small, which describe a series of parallel flat curves directed from the southwest to the north-east, and form as many parallel mountain ranges. These folds which lie nearest to the coast seemed to have received the greatest

pressure—the strata being not only folded, but the folds themselves being inclined westwards so as to bring the older strata upon the younger ones. At the same time immense faults have been produced; the strata were intersected by immense crevices, and the rocks on the one side of a crevice have often been bodily shifted full five thousand and occasionally ten thousand feet over the rocks on the other side of the crevice. Besides, denudation, either by the ocean or by rivers, or by both, has acted on such a scale as to remove ridges which had been formed by the folded strata. The whole bears the traces of a force, immense in its powers, but extremely slow in its action, which produced a formidable lateral pressure, from the Atlantic Ocean inwards, and acted during the Azoiic age, and again at the close of the Paleozoic age.

The Appalachians are not the only mountain system of this type. On the contrary, this type is very common in all parts of the world, and it was described as early as the thirties of this century by Thurmann in the Jura Mountains, and by Sir Henry de la Beche in the hills of Cornwall, Devon, and Somerset; but its importance was fully understood only after the Professors W. B. and H. D. Rogers had published (in 1842) their classical description of the Appalachians. In order to account for the appearance of such systems of parallel folds, it was formerly supposed (as Murchison did for the Alps and the Urals) that masses of plutonic rocks (*i.e.*, granites, syenites, and the like) had been thrust out along some crevice which made part of the system, and that the ejections of the igneous rocks produced the lateral compression of the formerly horizontal strata. However, such an explanation was totally inapplicable to the Appalachians, as there was no ejection of plutonic rocks at the close of the Paleozoic era which could account for a lateral compression of the strata amounting to about twenty-five miles. Other causes had to be looked for. The more so as the whole theory of moun-

¹ This type of mountains has so often been quoted in orogenetic discussions that its descriptions are found in every text-book of geology. See especially the last edition of James Dana's "Manual of Geology," or, for a general but more detailed description, "The Mechanics of Appalachian Structure," by Bailey Willis, in the "Thirteenth Annual Report of the U. S. Geological Survey," Part II., Washington, 1893.

tains being lifted up by ejections from the molten interior of the globe was falling into disrepute. The admirable researches of Lord Kelvin (then Sir William Thomson) and G. Darwin rendered it indeed very improbable that the earth consists of a molten mass surrounded by a thin solid crust, and that the purely superficial phenomena of mountain making require the intervention of such a formidable force as the molten nucleus of our planet—even if such nucleus exists.¹

Various hypotheses were consequently promoted to account for the lateral force which folded the Appalachians and other mountains of a similar type. Professor Hall indicated, as early as 1859, a fundamental feature in the structure of the Appalachians;² namely, that before the folding of the strata began, an immense thickness of sediment had accumulated in a slowly sinking trough of the Atlantic; and he pointed out that such a subsidence necessarily was a preliminary condition for the formation of all mountain systems of the same type.³ A very important principle of orogeny was thus stated.

There is not the slightest doubt that such a subsidence really took place, and that it was a necessary preliminary stage to the formation of mountains. But Professor Hall went further. He attributed the subsidence

of the ocean bottom to the weight itself of the accumulated sediments—the earth's crust yielding under their pressure—and he endeavored to prove that as the subsidence compelled the sediments to be compressed into a narrower space it produced the lateral force required to fold the strata—the accumulation of a considerable thickness of sediment resulting at the same time in a rise of temperature in the lower parts of that mass and facilitating the folding.⁴ Later on, some other force of unknown origin—acting, however, over a very large portion of the earth's crust—must have bodily lifted all the mass of plicated sediments, so as to transform a sea bottom into a continental area.

The study of the great mountain systems of America, as well as the epoch-making studies of the Alps, by Edward Suess and A. Helm, fully demonstrated that the "lifting-up theory" of mountain making could be upheld no more. The force which had made all the mountain systems of the Appalachian type was a lateral force—a force working sideways, and not from beneath. Consequently, the idea was gradually developed that the shrinking of the globe, owing to its gradual cooling, was the cause of the lateral force which folded and raised the strata in the Alps, the Appalachians, the Jura hills, etc. The superficial layers of the earth's crust undergo, it was said, the same process as the peel of an apple while the apple dries and is thus reduced to a smaller volume: they become covered with wrinkles.

This theory, however, although widely accepted nowadays, seems never to have fully satisfied geologists and natural philosophers. It remains doubtful whether the contraction of the outer layers of a shrinking globe would be sufficient to produce the re-

¹ Owing to the exaggeration of the vertical scale in our sections of mountains, we are liable to exaggerate their real dimensions. On a big globe, 120 feet in diameter, such as is being projected now by Elisée Reclus, the highest mountains would appear less than one inch high, and the well-known Pic du Midi would only have a height of less than one-third of an inch.

² His ideas were expressed in "Paleontology of New York," vol. iii. 1859, and explained further by T. Sterry Hunt in the *Quarterly Geological Journal*, November, 1859, and the *American Journal of Science*, 2nd series, vol. xxxi. 1861, p. 406, and 3rd series, vol. v. 1873, p. 406.

³ Such is really the case for all the chief mountain ranges. A subsidence of from 31,000 to 34,000 feet preceded the appearance of the Larzac range (McConnel and Clarence King); it attained 50,000 feet for the Alps at the close of the Miocene period (Helm), and it was full 35,000 feet for the Australian Alps (Hector). See Dana's "Manual of Geology," 4th edition, 1896.

⁴ It is known that as we penetrate into the depths of the earth's crust we find the temperature of the rocks rising by one Fahrenheit degree for each 50 to 60 feet of depth. Consequently, if the sediments were about 40,000 feet thick, their temperature at the bottom must have risen gradually to about 800 degrees, which may have been sufficient to soften the rocks to a certain extent.

quired amount of folding, unless the process of cooling be taken at a rate which it would not be wise to assume. Besides, it still remains unexplained why contractions on a grand scale took place precisely in those regions where a great thickness of sediment was deposited. In some way or another the hypothesis had to receive a further development.

This was done in various directions. Thus, C. E. Dutton indicated that the solid part of the earth's crust must be only five to seven miles thick, and that at a depth of about seven miles the rocks, owing to their higher temperature and the pressure of the overlying rocks, must be in a state of "latent plasticity." In this case the increase of load in any part of the crust, in consequence of the accumulations of sediments, coupled with a relief of pressure in other parts of the crust where an active denudation is going on, would result in adjustments of equilibrium of the crust ("isostasy"); and these adjustments would produce an increased folding in the border area situated between the two regions.

On the other side, Mellard Reade¹ proved that the contraction of the superficial layers which might be due to the cooling of the globe would not account for the amount of lateral squeezing which is seen in a series of parallel mountain ranges, even if all the contraction could be concentrated in the mountain area. He invoked, accordingly, the effects of the heating of the sediments which lie deep in the earth's crust, and the intrusion from beneath of semiplastic rocks. But neither this theory nor several others (Osmond Fisher's, Whitney's) have received general acceptance.

II.

Already in his first edition of his "Manual of Geology," and still more so in a subsequent paper,² and in the

¹ "The Origin of Mountain Ranges," London, 1898.

² "On some Results of the Earth's Contraction from Cooling, including a discussion of the Origin of Mountains, and the Nature of the Earth's Interior," in *American Journal of Science*, 3rd series, vol. v., 1873, p. 423.

fourth edition of his "Manual," published in 1896, James Dana took a somewhat different view of the whole question, and worked out a nearly complete theory of the movements of the earth's crust. He pointed out that the first condition for subsequent mountain making is the existence of what he names a "geo-synclinal," that is, a depression in the earth's crust which is very slowly sinking in proportion as sediments are deposited in that trough. Such a sinking of the bottom of the ocean cannot be due to the weight alone of the sediments; it results from a more general cause, viz., the unequal cooling of the globe and its subsequent contraction. The cooling of the globe goes on at a different rate in its continental and its oceanic areas. The continental parts of the earth's crust are first stiffened and rendered unyielding, while the oceanic portion goes on cooling and contracting at a more rapid rate. The result is that while the bottoms of the oceans are sinking, a correlative bulging out takes place in the continents, the rocks being gently elevated, so as to give them a slightly vaulted form, hardly perceptible to the eye, but sufficient to provoke in them a certain tension, and consequently to open crevices and faults.

This difference between the rates of cooling of the earth in its continental parts and its oceanic portions produces also an "obliquely upward thrust"—from the ocean towards the continent—along the shores of the continents, especially in those places where the sinking of the ocean bottoms is going on fastest. For a distance of from three hundred to one thousand miles from their coasts the continents are thus subject to their profoundest oscillations. The greatest uplifts, fractures, and foldings of the strata take place in that coast region, and the mechanical work of such displacements of rocks being transformed into heat, the most extensive metamorphic operations (recrystallization of rocks, impregnation of rocks by vapors), as also the most abundant outflows of igneous rocks are generated. The greatest

ranges of volcanoes are consequently disposed along the oceanic slopes of the border ridges—a fact which we see now, and which was also true during previous geological periods.¹ Owing to this activity, newer and newer rows of parallel plicated chains are added to the continents along their borders, thus reinforcing the continents, while the oceans are increasing in depth at the same time.

This process of formation of new mountains is distinguished, moreover, by a certain periodicity. Gentle plications and foldings must have been produced in all periods and ages; but the formation of mountain ridges on a grand scale was limited in past ages to certain well-defined periods. In North America the greatest activity of mountain building occurred, along both the Pacific and the Atlantic coast, at the ends of the Lower Silurian, the Carboniferous, and the Jurassic periods, as well as during the Tertiary age, when the highest chains—the Alps and the Himalayas—were also lifted up in Europe and in Asia. The same periods of increased mountain-making activity, followed by periods of relative rest, have been traced in Europe. It is well known—Professor Penck remarks in his admirable "*Morphologie der Erdoberfläche*"—that the middle parts of the Silurian age (Scotland and Thuringia), the end of the Carboniferous (the mountains of Central Germany), the middle parts of the Cretaceous period (Eastern Alps, Carpathians), and the latter parts of the Tertiary age (Pyrenees, Alps, Carpathians, Apennines) were characterized by the formation of folded series of mountains, and Eduard Suess was enabled, moreover, to show the traces of a pre-Devonian, a post-Carboniferous, and a Cretaceous-Tertiary system of mountains.²

One more point of importance must

be noticed. In the old theories of mountain formation, based upon the supposition of a molten interior of the earth and a thin solid crust, it was always supposed that the folded strata represent folds of the earth's crust itself. This theory is now abandoned. Ideas are not yet settled as to the probable structure of the earth in its abysses. Whether it is as rigid as a steel ball, or whether the rocks are in a pasty state determined by their very high temperature and the very high pressures which they are submitted to, remains unsettled. But it may be taken as certain that mountain building does not imply the folding of the whole thickness of the solid earth's crust. The wrinkling of the rocks, to which our mountains owe their origin, is limited to the superficial layers of the crust—to the "supercrust," as Dana says.³

Such are, in a very brief sketch, the theories which now prevail as regards the origin of mountain ranges. It will be remarked of course that in this sketch the building up of the great plateaus, which constitute so prominent a feature in the orography of all continents, and the causes which have elevated immense plains above the level of the oceans, as well as the

² See the researches on this point of C. Davison, G. H. Darwin, and M. P. Sludski, quoted in Dana's "*Manual*," p. 384. Similar views on the origin of mountains were developed in America by George LeConte in two elaborate papers ("Theory of the Formation of the Great Features of the Earth's Surface," in *American Journal of Science*, 3rd series, vol. iv. 1872, pp. 345, 360, and vol. v. 1873, p. 448), in which he showed the importance of partial heating for facilitating plication and attempted to explain the origin of mountains and the sinking of the ocean bottoms under the hypothesis of a solid, unequally cooling globe. "Mountain chains," he wrote, "are the upsqueezed sediments of marginal sea bottoms." The consequences of increased temperature in a growing layer of sediments, and the bearing of that heating upon the building of mountains, were most ingeniously developed by Mellard Reade (*Origin of Mountain Ranges*), also by Fr. W. Hutton in the *Geological Magazine*, 1873, p. 166, and 1874, p. 22. The same question is touched upon by Robert Mallet in his masterly works on volcanoes and volcanic energy.

¹ To support this idea Dana quotes the American continent. The same is true of Asia, where what I described as "the border ridge of the Great Plateau" is covered with volcanic ejections of the Tertiary period.

³ A. Penck, "*Morphologie der Erdoberfläche*," Stuttgart, 1894, II., p. 396.

forces which produce now the unequal raising of larger parts of continents, have hardly been alluded to. These secular upheavals and tiltings of continental areas—of which such admirable examples were given at the last meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Sciences at Detroit—cover, however, such an immense area of geological observations of the highest interest and of speculations about the deformations of the earth and its probable inner structure, that they must be treated separately. Moreover, there is another series of researches, namely, the experiments that have lately been made to verify the modern theories relative to mountain formation, which must be mentioned in this place.

Experiments reproducing on a small scale the foldings of the rocky strata under the effects of lateral pressure have been made since the beginning of this century. Sir James Hall made them, in 1812, with pieces of cloth, as also with mixtures of clay and sand. Alphonse Favre, in 1878, by placing a mass of plastic clay upon a stretched band of india-rubber which was allowed to contract, endeavored to imitate the contraction of the lower lying crust, and the foldings of the superposed sedimentary deposits. Hans Schardt and Forchheimer also made similar experiments, and a few years ago Henry Cadell brought before the Royal Society of Edinburgh a series of very interesting models, in which the folding of strata was very well imitated by submitting layers of plaster of Paris, sand, and gypsum to lateral pressure.¹

It may of course be objected that in all such experiments plastic or soft bodies were used, while the stony rocks are hard and brittle. It is known, however that all solid bodies behave like plastic bodies under a certain pressure (from fourteen thousand to twenty-two thousand pounds per square inch for

sandstone and granite), and when blocks of hard rocks were lately submitted in physical laboratories to very great pressures, they really proved to be quite plastic.

A new series of experiments for the same purpose has lately been carried on by Mr. Bailey Willis in the United States. His ambition, however, was not simply to reproduce with layers of plaster or clay such plications as bear a resemblance to what we see in the mountains. He went into a detailed study of the Appalachians, and determined the different characters of folds, faults, and overthrusts of rocks which had been observed in that region, so as to know beforehand what facts of nature had to be accounted for by experiments; and he devised his experiments so as to see whether lateral pressure could produce all the variety of features which are seen in a mountain region.

All his experiments were made upon lumps, about thirty-nine inches long, from five to six inches wide, and several inches thick, which were carefully constructed out of layers of wax of different hardness and pliability, wax being mixed for this purpose either with sand or with turpentine. To imitate the pressure which the rocks are submitted to, a load of about one thousand pounds of shot was placed upon the wax blocks while they were compressed in a box by means of a side screw. Moreover, Professor Willis admitted that at a depth of from five to seven miles the materials of which the earth's crust is composed must be in a state of latent plasticity, while the superficial deposits consist of thousands of layers of different consistency and composition; and, so far as was possible, these conditions were imitated in the experiments. All results were reproduced by photography.

These results are really admirable. All possible forms of folds and bends, which had been observed in the Appalachians or elsewhere, as well as the "thrusts" of rocks shifted bodily upon each other, were reproduced in the laboratory. As soon as the slightest bend

¹ "Experimental Researches in Mountain Building," in "Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh," xxxv, Part I., p. 58 (1887) and p. 337 (1889.)

was made in casting the wax layers in the big lump, a vaulted structure (an "anticline") appeared at that spot when the whole was compressed on the bench. Symmetrical and unsymmetrical, vertical and inclined folds were obtained, exactly as they are seen in nature. Strata were broken inside unbroken foldings, and one of the problems which often puzzled geologists—namely, the so-called overthrusts and underthrusts—was exactly reproduced. The shovelling of immense masses of older strata above younger strata, which for a long time offered such difficulties in explaining the structure of the Highlands of Scotland, was admirably reproduced in Willis's experiments, notwithstanding the considerable plasticity of the wax layers.¹

It appeared, moreover, that the soft mass at the basis of the wax lump participated very little in the foldings of the upper strata. In most cases it was simply compressed, or it filled up the spaces beneath the gently delineated folds—these latter increasing in steepness in the middle layers. Besides, in some of the compressed blocks, the gently undulating upper surface gave no idea whatever of the amount of folding which took place in its inner parts, just as is sometimes the case in nature. The idea already expressed by Dana and by Pfaff—that the folding of the strata and mountain building altogether take place in the "super-crust" only—was thus confirmed by the experiments of Professor Willis. The whole series gives an admirable additional support to the "lateral force theory" of the origin of mountains.

A few words more must be said in conclusion about the geographical distribution of mountains on the surface of the earth. Mountains and plateaus are not scattered over the globe in a haphazard way. On the contrary, there is a certain harmony in their distribu-

tion, their directions, and their heights. In the Old World we have a broad belt in which the highest mountains—the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Caucasus, and the Himalayas—are included; the prevalence of the north-western and the north-eastern directions in the mountains of Europe has long since been indicated, and the same leading directions are now discovered in Asia; the two continents of North America and Eurasia offer striking analogies in their structure, and the "transgressions" or the invasions of the oceans, as has been so beautifully indicated by Suess, took place in both continents at definite intervals; the mountain chains are developed in a succession of curves, and, as has been indicated by Prinz and Dana, there is a striking resemblance between the leading zigzag lines which are seen on our planet and those that are dimly perceived on Venus and Mars. All these facts and many more of the same kind open wide and most attractive fields of speculation. But if geologists have succeeded in working out some clear conceptions as to the mode of formation of mountains, they are only the very first steps towards discriminating the mode and the laws of formation of the leading features of our planet. In that direction everything remains yet to be done.²

III.

The sharp distinction which some time ago used to be drawn between pure science and science applied to the increase of man's productive powers is

¹ Stanislas Meunier ("Comptes Rendus," tome cxxi. 1895, p. 657) has lately made most interesting experiments intended to prove that the leading orographic features of Europe are such as if the plastic mass of the inner crust of the earth, after having been bulged out at the equator by centrifugal force, were returning in the course of geological ages to its primitive shape, so as to contract from the equator towards the poles—this movement resulting in the formation of plicated systems of mountains, the age of which is younger and younger as we proceed from the poles to the equator. These experiments, which fully confirmed the hypothesis, belong, however, to that vast domain of great deformations of the earth's spheroid which will have to be discussed on some other occasion.

² See Dr. A. Penck's remarks upon this subject in "Geomorphologische Probleme aus Nordwest Schottland," where, under the modest form of an account of a visit to the Scottish Highlands Penck touches upon some of the most arduous problems of mountain building.

rapidly disappearing. On the one side, those who devote themselves to the discovery of the laws of nature look no longer with disdain upon the industrial and agricultural arts; and on the other side, those who work in these last domains are also rapidly changing their old methods, and what was formerly considered as an "art" rapidly becomes "science" nowadays. That pure science profits from every progress of industry is self-evident. A mere glance at a telescope, and the mere inspection of a modern physical, chemical, or physiological laboratory, show what science owes to the progress of the mechanical arts; while the most rapid review of the recent achievements in science would show that whole branches of modern research have originated in, or were prompted by, investigations made in the domain of industry or agriculture. Bacteriology owes its origin to researches into the fermentation of wine, and to the efforts of veterinary surgeons to put an end to anthrax; important branches of chemistry were born of investigations into the aniline colors; while many an advance in the theory of electricity and in molecular physics is due to the discoveries of practical electricians and metallurgists. But, on the other hand, the engineer, the technical chemist, and the agriculturist also begin to proceed now, in their own special investigations, in a purely scientific way. Their preliminary researches are conducted in a scientific spirit, their methods are scientific methods, and their experiments are scientific experiments.

These ideas pressed themselves upon my mind as I visited last summer the experimental farms of Canada, mostly in company with the director of these farms, Dr. William Saunders, who was unwearied in discussing in all details the methods of the experiments which are carried on under his guidance. A modern experimental farm is, in reality, an open-air laboratory for experimental researches into the physiology of plants; its work is scientific work, which loses nothing of its value from its ultimate object being an increase of

man's powers over nature. And if in the following pages I intend to speak only of the work done at the Canadian farms, it is not only because it is sure to offer interest to English readers, but chiefly because the work which is now done at the experimental farms of the United States and Europe embraces so many distinct branches of research, that several of them—such as the laws of growth, the nitrification and denitrification of the soil, and so on—would require several separate studies.

The experimental farms of Canada, which were founded only ten years ago, are not scattered over the territory in a haphazard way; each of them, on the contrary, represents a sum of conditions of climate and soil which is typical for some large division of the Dominion. The Central Farm at Ottawa is typical for a wide region embracing East Ontario and West Quebec. The farm at Nappan, in Nova Scotia, is intended to represent agriculture in the three maritime provinces of the Atlantic border. The farm at Agassiz, located at the bottom and on the slopes of a beautiful valley of the Coast Range, some forty miles east of Vancouver, represents the wet and warm climate of Southern British Columbia; while the two prairie farms at Indian Head, in the North-west Territory of Assiniboia, and at Brandon, in the midst of the wheat belt of Southern Manitoba, represent the two main divisions of the prairies where an extensive dryness does not prevent agriculture from taking a colossal development. Finally, the agricultural college at Guelph, with the experimental farm attached to it—both maintained by the Province of Ontario—is situated amidst the garden of Canada, *i.e.*, in the peninsula which stretches southwestward between Lake Huron and the Lakes of Erie and Ontario, where mixed farming of an intensive character is carried on, and where grapes, peaches, and pears are cultivated to a great extent.¹ Two more farms will

¹ The Central Farm covers nearly 500 acres; Nappan, 310 acres; Agassiz, nearly 1,000 acres, in which are 800 acres of mountains; Brandon, 670 acres; and Indian Head, 680 acres.

probably have to be opened—one in that stretch of dry ranching land which runs at the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, north and south of Calgary, and where the beginnings of irrigation are preparing the way for agriculture, and another in the very fertile belt of land covered with small forest and brush, which stretches in the north-west of Winnipeg along the Dauphin line towards Edmonton, and is now a favorite ground for new settlers of all possible nationalities.

The work which is done at the five experimental farms belongs entirely to the domain of experimental science, and it is carried on, on purely scientific lines, by a small staff consisting of the director, the superintendents of the farms, the horticulturist, the entomologist and botanist, the chemist, and the foreman of forestry. Their chief efforts are directed to ascertain which varieties of wheat, oats, barley, peas, etc., yield the best crops under the conditions of climate, soil, and exposure that prevail in each separate region. For this purpose several hundreds of varieties of cereals, peas, and fodder crops are grown every year on plots of the size of one-tenth and one-twentieth of an acre, and each of them is harvested, threshed, and weighed separately, so as to ascertain the yields in different conditions of climate (which vary considerably from one year to another), position, exposure to or protection from the wind, and treatment of the soil. One can easily imagine what an immense and valuable material is thus accumulated, and to what account it may be turned by the botanist who would devote his attention to this subject.

To find out which variety of cereals and fodder-grasses is best suitable for the climate of each province is by no means an easy task, because the climate of Canada offers certain special difficulties. The winters in Central Canada are very cold as a rule; but plants, as is known, suffer but little from the cold of the winter. The trying period comes in the spring. Early in the spring the heat of the sun be-

comes so intense as to start plants to life very early; but then come the sharp night frosts, followed by hot sunshine early in the morning, and the plant perishes. This is why spring wheat (which is sown in the spring) is grown in preference to autumn wheat—almost exclusively in Manitoba—and why even such fruit trees as apples and pears, which will stand perfectly a sharp winter frost, cannot be grown on the prairies. Of course, even on the prairies, things are not so bad in Canada as they are in Siberia, where the apple-trees, which are seen in full blossom at Irkutsk in the first half of May, have all their blossom destroyed by a cold spell of weather which usually spreads over Siberia about the twentieth of May. But still the night frosts in the spring are bad enough in Canada, and they destroy the plants which have been started into a rapid growth after their long winter slumber. Moreover, there are frosts by the end of the summer, and although the early autumn frosts become rarer and less sharp in proportion as the land is cleared and cultivated, nevertheless rapid ripening is a quality necessarily required from the cereals that are grown in the continental parts of the Dominion. The variety of wheat which ripens three or four days, or even a couple of days, in advance of other varieties, is therefore preferred to other equally prolific varieties, as it has more chances not to be caught by frost. Consequently, all sorts of varieties of wheat and other cereals are experimented upon, especially those which come from the north of Scotland, Norway, North Russia, and Siberia.

In such conditions early sowing becomes a necessity, and apart from the protection from frosts, its general advantages have been fully demonstrated. Different varieties of wheat, oats, barley, and peas are sown every week in succession, beginning with the twentieth of April and ending with the twenty-fifth of May; and the crops obtained from the first two sowings (the first three for peas) are so much su-

perior to the crops obtained from later sowings that each farmer sees at a glance what he loses if he has not made his sowings by the end of April.

The chief point towards which Dr. W. Saunders directs his attention is, however, not only to test the properties of the existing varieties of cereals, and to make the results known to the farmers, but to create new varieties best adapted to the climate of the country. The importance of breeding new varieties for the special requirements of each separate region, which for such a length of time has been so sadly neglected in Europe, is fully understood in Canada. Many poor crops in Europe are simply due to the fact that the same variety of wheat or oats has been cultivated for generations in succession, without rejuvenating it in some way or another. Every variety of cereals, though it may be very prolific at the time of its appearance, gradually loses its vigor; and this is why we see that the varieties which are now in repute among rational farmers are quite different from those which were held in high esteem some thirty or forty years ago. It is not a matter of fashion, but a substitution—often unconscious—of new and more vigorous varieties for those which are in a senile decay. At the experimental farms it is endeavored to accomplish this introduction of new varieties in a conscious way, and to breed such new varieties as would be best adapted to the special requirements of the country.¹

Cross-fertilization of different varieties, as well as the production in the same way of hybrids between different species (such as the two-rowed and the six-rowed barley), are widely experimented upon for this purpose. The pollen of one variety is transported, with great precautions, upon the feathery pistils of the flower of the other variety (deprived of course of its own stamens); the flower-case is then care-

fully closed, and when a number of flowers in the spike have been operated upon in this way, the head or the spike is wrapped in thin manilla paper and so tied up as to prevent the possibility of access of other pollen either by wind or insects. The plant is then tied to a stick in order to prevent its being broken by accident. The kernels or seeds, which attain maturity on this plant, form the starting points of new varieties. "The heads of the single plant grown the first year from each seed will be all alike," Doctor Saunders writes, "and they may take after the female plant which has supplied the pistil, or they may resemble the heads on the plant from which the pollen has been gathered. In any case, if the cross has been accomplished, the grain from the plant of the first year, when sown next season, will usually produce several different forms, some resembling one parent and some the other, while others again may be more or less intermediate in character, and there remains to choose out of them the most suitable varieties." The difficulties attending this sort of work are self-evident, and one need not wonder that, from sixteen hundred and fifty flowers carefully crossed, only two hundred and twenty kernels were obtained. Nevertheless, in the course of six years more than seven hundred cross-bred and hybrid varieties of grain have been produced at the farms, and out of them no less than one hundred and eighty-nine are still under experiment.²

Crossings have especially been made between Scotch wheat (red and white Fife) and North Russian wheats (Ladoga and Onega), as also Indian wheats, and it is estimated that the new variety, Fife-Ladoga, offers several advantages; it gives a heavier crop and is earlier by three or four days. The hybrids produced between the two-rowed and the six-rowed barley also offer great interest because the latter stools more freely—that is, gives more ears—while the former has longer ears and ripens earlier. In the list of

¹ It is known that in Europe Vilmorin has been working for years at that creation of new varieties. His researches were fully appreciated by Darwin.

² Experimental Farms, Reports for 1886. Ottawa, 1887, p. 21 sq.

crops obtained with different varieties of barley, in 1896, the new hybrids stand among the first for heavy crops. As to a cross-bred variety of oats, obtained by crossing branching oats with one-sided oats, it has a real interest for the naturalists. There are oats of which the heads or panicles are widely branched, and others in which the panicle is all one-sided—all spikelets hanging as a mane on one side of the main stem. A settled intermediate form has been obtained by crossing the two varieties, its panicles being all one-sided and widely branched at the same time. Many other intermediate forms have also been produced by crossing long-kernels' oats with short-kernels' ones, thin-hulled with thick-hulled, and the black and yellow oats with white ones.

All these varieties are of course experimented upon, not only at the experimental farms but also in the open field, by many farmers. Three-pound bags of seeds are distributed by the thousand, free of cost and postage, among the farmers, of whom a great number report later on about the results which they have obtained in their fields.¹ Nor are these experiments limited to Canada. The Canadian experimental farms stand in connection with the American ones; and while Russian and Siberian varieties are widely experimented upon in the Dominion, ten tons of Canadian seeds were shipped this autumn to Vladivostok to be experimented upon in the Siberian farms of the Amur and the Usuri regions. It may also be added that cross varieties of peas were produced and that some of them give undoubtedly larger crops than the old ones—a fact of importance for Canada, where nearly eight hundred thousand acres are given to this crop in the Province of Ontario alone.

Manuring is not yet in great vogue on the prairies—the soil of southern Manitoba being so fertile that twenty crops were grown in succession from the same land without impressing upon the farmers the necessity of manuring.

¹ 38,378 samples of seeds of all sorts were mailed to nearly 35,000 applicants in 1896.

Still, the time is rapidly coming when manure will be a necessity in Manitoba as it is already in some other parts of the Dominion, and varied experiments are carried on upon the value of different fertilizers. One series of them deserves special notice. They were begun in 1895 when clover was sown with grain, in order to see whether it can be grown to advantage with the grain without materially lessening this last crop.² If this can be done, the clover will absorb and appropriate the nitrogenous fertilizers which are brought down by the rain during the late summer and autumn months, and it will, moreover, like all other leguminous plants, absorb nitrogen from the air through the microbes which develop upon its roots. It may then be ploughed under and enrich the soil with nitrogen. I saw the plots upon which these experiments were made at the Ottawa farm. The grain crop had been cut, and in a few days the clover, which had been kept back so long as the cereals remained in the field, began to develop with admirable rapidity. It was evident that when these fields were ploughed they would receive a very valuable green manure.³ It had to be seen, of course, whether the sowing of clover with wheat, barley, and oats would not reduce the cereal crop; but it is not so. When experiments were made on pairs of closely-lying plots, one of which was sown with cereals alone, and the other with red clover (ten pounds per acre) in addition to the cereals, only three plots out of ten showed smaller crops for the mixed sowing, while on the seven other plots the crop was even higher than without clover. The same results were obtained at the Brandon farm.⁴

² "Experimental Farms Report" for 1896, p. 37; also 1895, pp. 210, 213 (Chemist's Report).

³ Different varieties of clover were experimented upon, and their value as fertilizers shown in the Chemist's Report. Mr. Shutt's remarks on the amount of nitrogen stored by the roots of the Alfalfa clover are extremely interesting, and every page of his reports is a valuable contribution to physiological chemistry.

⁴ "Reports," p. 335. Another interesting fact was found out, namely, that plots manured with

Another wide series of experiments is carried on with fruit-trees. That apples and pears cannot be grown in Manitoba has already been alluded to. Nevertheless hundreds of Manitoba farmers used formerly to spend considerable sums of money in buying different varieties of apple-trees which they hoped to acclimatize. The impossibility of growing apples in Manitoba has now been fully demonstrated. During the past six years almost every variety of fruit-tree, which had any special claim for hardness, has been tried at the two farms of Brandon and Indian Head; the hardiest varieties grown in eastern Canada, in the western and northern parts of the States, and in northern Europe were tested in all possible conditions—and all failed.

However, the staff of the experimental farms are not at all satisfied with this negative result. They are now endeavoring themselves to produce a variety of apple-trees which could bear fruit in the climate of Manitoba and the north-west territories. There is one very hardy variety of crab-apple from Siberia—the berried pyrus (*Pyrus Caccata*)—which has for the past five years endured the climate of these regions without injury. It bears plenty of fruit, but its fruit is not much bigger than a cherry. Efforts are being made therefore to improve this fruit in size and quality by cross-fertilizing the crab-apple with the hardiest sorts of apples—chiefly Russian—and with the larger crabs.¹ This work was partly done by the director of the Ottawa farm, but chiefly by Dr. C. E. Saunders, and at the present time more than eighteen hundred cross-bred seeds have been obtained. They were all duly planted two years ago, and from this quantity of seed fifteen hundred or six-equal quantities in weight of fresh and rotted manure gave materially the same crops, or even better ones with fresh manure than with the rotted one. The importance of this observation becomes evident when we learn from the Report of the Chemist, Fr. T. Shutt, that in four months 8,000 lbs. of fresh manure were reduced to 3,480 lbs., and that they dwindled down to 2,689 lbs. in the course of one year ("Reports p. 195).

¹ Reports, 1896, p. 62 sq.

teen hundred trees may be expected, some of which will probably bear larger and improved fruits, of a hardy and suitable character. The best of these varieties will then be selected for experiments on a larger scale. It is hoped that in this way a variety of apple appropriate to the climate of Manitoba will be obtained. Similar attempts were also made with the local wild sand-cherry, with the intention of crossing it with the better cultivated cherries; but thus far the attempts have not succeeded. Biologists will however notice with great interest the considerable variations in the size and shape of the fruit which were provoked by the cross-breeding.²

Another very interesting branch of work is being carried on at the Agassiz farm of British Columbia. It is intended to prove that in the coast range the slopes of the mountains can be utilized, up to a certain height, for orchards. On the hill which faces the Agassiz valley on its northern side, different sorts of fruit-trees have been planted on small patches of open ground, amid the virgin forest, up to an altitude of ten hundred and fifty feet; and as one climbs the mountain he discovers these small plantations of trees heavily loaded with fruit, which prove that the slopes of the hills can also be utilized for fruit culture as well as the bottoms of the valleys, where land is already sold at European prices, up to 15l. and 20l. the acre.

Canada has been described by some visitors as the land of tree-stumps—all land that is now under culture or under the villages and the towns over immense parts of the Dominion having been cleared from under virgin forests. It sounds strange, therefore, that tree-planting should make an important portion of the work of the experimental farms. But the Dominion of Canada contains all possible varieties of soil, climate, and aspects; and by the side of the immense spaces, where man tries to get rid of the trees as of a nuisance, there are the hardly less immense treeless prairies, where tree-

² Ibid, p. 123.

planting is of the first importance. Nay, even in the woody regions, the growing of certain species of trees, and the planting of trees near to man's dwellings, upon spaces totally cleared of trees by forest fires, is becoming an important problem.

The forestry manager, or the "foreman of forestry," has thus plenty of work on his hands. At the Central Farm at Ottawa, sixty-five acres of land were set apart for an arboretum and a botanical garden, and as many as possible of the native trees and shrubs of Canada were planted there, as well as a great number of such species and varieties as were likely to succeed in Canada. Nearly two thousand species and varieties of trees and shrubs are thus grown, and many instructive lessons have already been learned from the tree plantations—the most important of them being that mixed plantations, imitating as much as possible the natural grouping of trees in the forests, give the best results. It need hardly be said that the observations made on the growth, the hardiness, the time of blooming, etc., of such a number of trees and shrubs already represent most precious materials for the botanists.

The winters in Canada are long, and while in the high plains of the Calgary and Macleod region cattle and horses are grazing all the winter through, they must be fed in the stable for full five months in Manitoba. Consequently, even on the boundless prairies of South Manitoba, which begin to be pretty thickly settled, the growing of grasses for winter fodder and the artificial meadows becomes a question of the first importance. A perennial grass, a native of Europe—the Brome grass (*Bromus inermis*)—was introduced to supply that need, and, after having been experimented upon for several years in succession, it has admirably answered all requirements. As a pasture grass for Manitoba it is perhaps unequalled. Mr. Bedford writes: "Starting early in the spring, it is fit to pasture two weeks earlier than the native grasses, and at Brandon cattle

were pasturing on it in 1896 up to the first of November." It is no wonder, therefore, that the Brome grass is rapidly becoming a favorite with the Manitoba farmers.¹ Besides, mixed cereals, cut green, are resorted to for hay; but the best results have been obtained from Indian corn, which does not ripen for seed but attains the size of eight and ten feet, and after having been put in *silos* (which are built above the ground), gives an excellent and abundant winter fodder.

Much more ought to be said, especially about the entomological and bacteriological work in connection with the creameries, which is carried on both at the Dominion farms and at Guelph; but what has been said will give an idea of the scientific value of the farms. It must only be added that while in Europe the work of the experimental farms too often remains little known to those who toil on the soil, in Canada, as in the United States, a whole machinery has been worked out for diffusing the knowledge that has been won from scientific research, down to the remotest village. Not only the reports of the experimental farms, their bulletins on special subjects, and their circulars, are distributed in scores of thousands (one hundred and sixty-two thousand, six hundred and forty-two reports and bulletins were mailed in 1896); not only some twenty thousand letters are exchanged every year with the farmers and correspondents, and several thousand farmers come to pay visits every year to each experimental farm; but a whole system of Farmers' Institutes and farmers' conventions and associations has been developed to convey that information to the farmers and to have it discussed by them; while the reports of the provincial departments of agriculture, which also are distributed free in many thousands of copies, contain whole inquiries into different agricultural subjects, to which every one contributes, and which are admirably summed up. But this organization belongs rather to the domain of diffusion

¹ "Reports," 1896, p. 335 *sq.*

of science, and can only be alluded to in this place.

The Canadian agriculturists endeavor to enrich the soil with nitrogen by ploughing down a catch-crop of clover; the bacteria developed on the roots of clover having absorbed some nitrogen from the air, that quantity of the nourishing element is thus added to the soil for the benefit of the next crops. But in Europe, and especially in Germany and France, attempts are now being made to enrich the soil directly, by inoculating it with those bacteria which store up nitrogen in the root-nodes of clover and other leguminous plants. This important work is being carried on chiefly by F. Nobbe and L. Hiltner, at one of the experimental stations of Germany.

It was already mentioned in the pages of this review¹ how Warrington and Winogradsky discovered the two bacteria which render assimilable by plants the nitrogen contained in the soil in the shape of different nitrogen compounds. One of these bacteria decomposes ammonia, splitting it into water and nitrous acid, whereupon the other bacteria further oxidize this last acid and transform it into nitric acid, which can be assimilated by plants. Winogradsky, who discovered this last microbe in a sample of soil imported from Quito, remarked moreover that if a small quantity of Quito soil be mixed with the loam of our own fields, the former acts as a ferment, the microbe which it contains rapidly multiplying in the loam. On the other side, Wilfahrt and Hellriegel discovered about the same time that the roots of all leguminous plants (peas, vetches, clover, and so on), when they are grown in fertile soils, become covered with very small nodules, consisting of agglomerations of a special bacterium (*Bacterium radicola*) which borrows from the roots the necessary hydro-carbons, and supplies them in return with nitrogen taken from the air which circulates in the soil.

These discoveries became the start-

¹ "Recent Science," *Nineteenth Century*, August, 1893.

ing point of a series of epoch-making researches. It was suggested by Berthelot, and proved by Bouillhac,² that the nitrogen absorbing microbes can only live in the soil on the condition that they should find in it either living plants to associate with (as is the case with the roots of the Leguminosæ), or algæ and all sorts of decaying *débris* of plants, which would supply the bacteria with the necessary carbon. In fact, these bacteria would not live in liquids containing mineral matters only in solution; but they thrive as soon as some algæ (the *Nostoc*) were introduced into such a solution.

Nobbe and Hiltner pursued their researches in another direction. It is well known that no plant would live in a soil containing no available nitrogen. The German explorers proved, however, that leguminous plants can live in pure quartz sand containing all nourishing elements except nitrogen, on the condition that cultures of bacteria, taken from leguminous root-nodes, should be introduced in the sand. In such case the bacteria, which rapidly multiply, supply to the rootlets the nitrogen which was absent from the soil. The two German explorers discovered next that there are different kinds of bacteria on different species of Leguminosæ, and that each of them is good for the species only with which it was formerly associated. There still remains some doubt as to whether the bacteria which live on different species of Leguminosæ do not belong themselves to different species, or whether, as is rendered probable by Nobbe's work, they all belong to one species (*B. radicola*), in which case certain special adaptations must have been produced in them by an association of long standing with separate species of Leguminosæ. It is true that, by inoculating bacteria taken on the point of a needle from Lucerne, Bréal produced root-nodes on a lupin; but more recent researches prove that the distinction above mentioned undoubtedly exists.

Nobbe and Hiltner lately made a series of exhaustive experiments with

² "Comptes Rendus," tome cxxiii., 1896, p. 828.

the view of ascertaining what would be the effects of inoculation of bacteria taken from six different groups of leguminous plants upon representatives of each of these groups.¹ It appeared then that with a few partial exceptions the inoculation can only be considered as safe when it is made with bacteria taken from the same genus or from the same group of leguminous plants. Only the lupin bacteria were inactive even for the same genus. All plants in these experiments thrive so long as they could obtain nitrogen from their own seeds or from the soil; but then came a period when this supply was exhausted, and the plant began to suffer from "nitrogen hunger." It recovered only when the nodules produced by the inoculation of suitable bacteria were developed—this development taking from fourteen to sixty days for different species. In a soil inoculated with the proper bacteria the plants were remarkably vigorous, and especially with the peas and the clover, the blooming and the production of seeds were admirably stimulated. No assimilation of nitrogen through the leaves could be noticed.

The practical results of these experiments are very promising. After having thus proved the advantages of inoculation, Nobbe began to breed the necessary bacteria on a large scale, in order to supply them for agricultural purposes in the farms. A special bacterial liquid for inoculating the soil with bacteria is now prepared, under the name of "nitragin" in Nobbe's bacteria factory. Small bottles, of a capacity of three hundred cubic centimetres, and containing gelatine cultures of seventeen different species of bacteria gathered from different Leguminosæ are now sold at the price of half-a-crown, and this quantity is said to be sufficient to inoculate with nitrogen-storing bacteria a surface of half an acre (a German *Morgen*, according to other statements). The best way to

use the nitragin preparation is gently to warm the bottle to a temperature of ninety-one degrees Fahrenheit, when the gelatine is liquefied, and then to dissolve it in water. The seeds are soaked in this solution in the same way as the seeds of wheat are soaked in a solution of copper sulphate for preventing smut.²

It is very probable, Déhérain says, that in a soil in which leguminous plants were previously grown for many years, the effects of the nitragin preparation may not be very visible; but otherwise it probably will be effective, and he foresees the time when bacterial fertilizers will be sold to the same extent as the chemical fertilizers are sold at the present time. In several experiments made in Germany upon certain peats, the effects of the inoculation of the soil with nitrogen-storing bacteria were remarkably good. But it must not be forgotten that nitragin began to be supplied to the trade less than two years ago—in the spring of 1896—and that some time will be required before its properties have been tested on a large scale, and a definite judgment about its fertilizing qualities can be formed.

As to the scientific value of the discoveries of Winogradsky, Hellriegel, Nobbe and all other workers in the same field, it is self-evident; they have opened a quite new branch of research; and while we were beginning to look too much on the soil as upon an inert mineral mass, they have made us revert to the only true conception—that the soil maintains life because it is living matter itself.

P. KROPOTKIN.

² *Jahrbuch der deutschen Landwirtschafts Gesellschaft*, vol. xi. 1896, p. 48 *sq.*

From the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.
WITH ALL HER HEART.¹

BY RENE BAZIN.

Translated for the Living Age.

CHAPTER VIII.

Eloi Madlot had arrayed himself in the silk hat and overcoat which were reserved for Sundays, and for those

¹ "Ueber die Anpassungsfähigkeit der Knöllchenbakterien ungleichen Ursprungs an verschiedene Leguminosengattungen," in *Landwirtschaftliche Versuchstationen*, 1896, vol. xlvii., p. 287.

¹ Copyright by The Living Age Company.

days of function when he was bidden either to attend the obsequies of some member of the Mutual-Aid-Society to which he belonged, or pay the fine incurred by absence. He had brushed his habiliments longer than was his wont, not out of vanity but through dread of what he had to say to his master, the terrible M. Lemairé.

Henriette had looked gaily in after her noon dinner. "Oh, uncle, Marie began work this morning. The girls received her very well, and I am so happy!" She then escorted her uncle to the hotel in the Boulevard Delorme, and left him before the polished oak entrance door with its two handsome bronze rings. The old workman, after contemplating that façade behind which lay all the unknown, for him, endeavored vainly with his one available hand to pull the electric button. A passer-by was laughing at his clumsy fingering of the tiny ivory knob, when suddenly the leaves of the door opened, two horses' heads emerged from the shadow of the portico and with a sound of shaken curbs and trodden asphalt re-echoed from the arch above, a landau descended the slope of the pavement and drew up beside the gutter.

"I want to speak to the master," began Madiot.

The footman, who had already spread out his arms to close the double door, replied: "Can't you see that he is going out? Call at the office to-morrow. We never receive workmen here." But the other had already thrust his good arm through the opening, pushed back the lackey, and now stood inside the vestibule, whence the gleaming stairway went up lofty and silent with its dado in stucco, its immaculate marble steps, and stripe of scarlet carpet, sombre below, but growing lighter as the spiral ascended.

The servant followed close upon the heels of Eloi, who was stupefied by so much grandeur. "I shall tell monsieur of this," the man muttered, "and you'll be lucky if you are not turned out of doors."

However, the workman's broad shoulders intimidated him, and he presently

vanished, while Eloi remained standing before that silent space, irradiated from above, with beautifully blended gleams of red, white and pale yellow, which reminded the intruder of the flower-stalls. The vast rose-colored well in which he found himself and the screw-staircase diminishing as it went up, were for all the world, he thought, like the pink irises which Henriette sometimes bought and brought home in the late spring.

The rubbing of a felt-covered door-sill along the inlaid floor and the sound of a dull foot-fall became audible upon the stair, where every noise was magnified, and then another slower step, accompanied by the trailing of silk. M. Lemarié appeared in his overcoat, with a grey duster over his arm. He was putting on his gloves, and the very action of his two lifted hands as they struggled one with the other betrayed, before he raised his eyes, the masterful and exacting nature of the man. Down he came with his slim, erect figure, setting the tip of his varnished boot methodically in the exact middle of the red carpet. Intense preoccupation with his own affairs imparted a fixed gravity to his countenance. Whatever he might be doing, he always had the air of a man who is just finishing a calculation; and his other transient expressions, of attention, surface thought, amusement and even wrath, were all subordinate to that of mental strain which always subsisted beneath them. At a turn of the stair M. Lemarié caught sight of Eloi Madiot, standing motionless some yards below him, but he betrayed neither surprise, displeasure, nor any other emotion. He merely came on, his eyes fixed upon his own little finger which he had some difficulty in fitting into the *suede* glove. Not 'till he had reached the lowest step did the master pause and turn upon the "hand" a pair of eyes in which, despite their absent look, the quick, imperious question had arisen: "What do you want here?"

"I have come for my pension," said Madiot. He had his hat in his well hand, and held it pressed against his

breast like a buckler. But as he spoke, he uncovered by an instinctive movement the wounded hand as it lay trembling in its red cotton sling, and the master's eye followed for a moment the strange, involuntary, meaningless pulsation of the useless member against the heart of the injured man. But M. Lemarié betrayed none of the anger for which Madiot had been prepared. He had summarily turned out that Antoine who had before presented the same demand, because Antoine was a bad workman, and a disturber of the peace. But here there had been no breach of discipline nor attack upon his own authority. All he had to do was to make listen to reason an unfortunate person worthy of respect, but who was asking more than his due. M. Lemarié sighed like an overworked man, who finds a new but unavoidable annoyance added to all the rest. Then he spoke very clearly and slowly, in order to make sure that his ignorant auditor understood him.

"Madiot, I have already answered you once, through my cashier. I was obliged to discharge your nephew for his insolent importunity in this matter of the pension. I cannot say the same thing over and over indefinitely, my good man. You know me. When I have once refused, that is the end."

"But, M. Lemarié, it is not fair——"

"I beg your pardon. If you were in my place you would do exactly as I am doing. That is what you fellows never will understand. You have been wounded. I am sincerely sorry. I sent you my family doctor, and continued your pay for one month after you were disabled. I can do no more, Madiot, because if I yielded in your case I should have to give pensions to all my men who get hurt, as you did, through their own carelessness."

"But a man who has worked for you thirty years, M. Lemarié——"

"I don't deny it. You are an honest fellow, but that does not oblige me to allow you an income. The law is perfectly plain. Your work was light and in no sense dangerous. You are the victim of your own clumsiness. What

can you expect me to do about it?"

A lady in mourning was beginning to descend the rosy spiral of the staircase, but Madiot, in his emotion, neither saw nor heard her. He advanced across the mosaic floor of the vestibule to the step on which M. Lemarié was standing. He thought he was losing time, and the veins of his neck began to swell. He ran his eye over the person of the correct bourgeois, of whom, in another instant, he would probably have lost sight forever, and the words hidden in his heart for more than twenty years, leaped to his lips in a sudden ebullition of wrath:—

"And yet, M. Lemarié, Henriette, whom I have brought up——" But a glimpse of the black shadow coming down the stair cut him short. There was a moment's silence during which the buzzing of a fly against a window-pane far above was distinctly audible.

"Go on, Louise," said M. Lemarié calmly, "you are never prompt, and you give these idiots time to make scenes."

Mme. Lemarié as she came down the staircase looked like a tower surmounted by a tuft of plumes. A stout figure, with her face concealed by a thick veil, she passed between and separated the two men, the master who shrank back against the wall, and the man who recoiled upon the globe of cut crystal set on the top of the newel-post. The lady said nothing, and her eyes were fixed upon the floor, but she bowed slightly in the direction of her husband, as it was her charitable habit to do toward those beneath her. A slight tinkling of jet beads and rustle of silk told when she passed into the vestibule and crossed the threshold of the hotel. Then Madiot, who had paused out of respect, turned to the manufacturer for his answer, just in time to see the slender imperious hand of the latter pressing a button similar to that upon the entrance-door. The footman reappeared, a flood of white light out of the room from which he came pouring into the vestibule and over the figure of Madiot, while M.

Lemarié, with his finger still raised and looking straight before him, indicated the old box-maker, as he said:—

"Maxime, I am going out with madame. If this man does not quit the house immediately after me, telephone to the chief of police."

Half an hour later the landau and the bay pair were conveying along the road that skirts the river Erdre, M. and Mme. Lemarié to pay a visit in the country. The carriage was covered in front only, and on the right-hand side of the back seat, Mme. Lemarié, her veil now raised above her eyebrows, her face flushed and marked by the traces of recent tears, was gazing fixedly at an unseen horizon without a turn of the glance, or a quiver of the eyelash.

What this woman had suffered since the day when M. Lemarié married her for her fortune no one suspected, her husband least of all. She was the victim of the man's assumed superiority—the woman whom nobody pities, whom neither humility, nor self-effacement, nor anything else, can defend from the ridicule of the world, because she is in a position of which she is considered unworthy. She had forgiven her husband's infidelities, the contempt of her acquaintances, annoyances and stings without number. She had annihilated herself to the point of having no will of her own, except in one particular. Mme. Lemarié, the wife of a manufacturer who had many men in his employ, had reserved to herself the right of uttering one protest, and no more, against every act of injustice not directed against herself. She had heard the violent beginning of Eloi Madiot's speech, and remembering that the old workman's claim had been presented once before, she said to her husband: "Why do you not give something to that man? I think you are wrong." He at once flew into a passion, turning his wrath against her because Madiot was no longer there, and leaning against the side of the landau, went on emitting short, jerky sentences, in the intervals of which he appeared

to be absorbed in the gait of the nigh horse, which went a little lame.

"I repeat that you know nothing whatever of these matters, and your son knows no more than you. But though you haven't a particle of judgment, you are at least capable of charity, while he—mark my word, Louise—it will be words, words, words, with him, and nothing more! Oh, I know him! He belongs to a generation of talkers."

Mme. Lemarié sighed, and made an effort to leave her adored son out of the discussion.

"No matter about Victor," she said. "He has nothing to do with this particular case. It is I who think you ought to make some concession. Madiot is one of your oldest employés, perhaps the oldest of all. If you are afraid of establishing an unfair precedent, give him a retiring pension. That will commit you to nothing. Thirty years of service!"

"No, madame, I give no retiring-pensions. I have nothing but what I earn. Let them do as I do."

Both were silent. The summer glories of ripening grain and full-blown flower were displayed for them in vain. The everlasting reminiscence of earth enveloped them, but they did not feel it. Down fan-shaped ravines, clothed on either side with coppice or with corn, glimpses might be caught, from time to time, of the limpid Erdre under its overhanging trees. But anger and pain are blind.

"You spoke just now of charity," the lady resumed at length. "Give an alms then, or let me—"

"No, madame, no! Occasionally, too often in fact, I have suffered you to give the lie, by your benefactions, to my decisions and arrangements. In this case I positively forbid it! We have done enough. I forbid you to see these Madiots, to give them one sou, or to concern yourself about them in any way whatever."

Stung out of her customary submission, wounded and exasperated by the withdrawal of her one privilege, she

turned upon him suddenly, with the query:—

"And why?"

He looked at her for a moment in sheer amazement, at the heavy, sombre face, the mouth fallen at the corners through habitual sadness, the prominent, staring eyes, the stiff silk corsage; then—

"I have my reasons," he replied coldly. "Be so good as to remember that we have a visit to pay. Here we are on the outskirts of Brasemont, and you are a perfect guy."

A golden cloud, composed of impalpable particles of fine Loire sand, rose round the gates and sank behind the carriage. Low-hanging boughs brushed the shoulders of the coachman, and the horses, sniffing the castle-stables, arched their necks and encroached upon the avenue borders in their sudden animation, while sundry cow-herds behind the hedge lifted themselves upon tiptoe and followed the rich lady with envious eyes.

At nightfall of the same day Eloi Madlot sat listening to Henriette, who was trying to reason with him. He had reached home in a state of fury, just as the girl came back from her shop, and was flinging about savage remarks concerning the rich, picked up, doubtless, in the course of a recent conversation with Antoine, which he did not care to mention. Henriette perceived that the case was serious, and said pleasantly:—

"Now, uncle, we are going to sit up together. I have some sewing to finish which has been waiting I don't know how long, and we will go into my room and have some tea, just as if M. Lemarié had given you your pension. Come!"

In the estimation of the old soldier, Henriette's room was a sacred place, not to be entered without permission. To pass an evening there was a treat. It was the largest, lightest room in the apartment. There was a neat wooden bedstead with clean white cotton curtains, trimmed with knotted fringe, a looking-glass with a gilt frame, a rose-

wood *armoire à glace* and a rosewood centre-table, presents both these last, from a little shop-girl who had made a comparatively wealthy marriage. On the table with its crochet cover stood a vase of artificial flowers flanked by two piles of fashion-books. A hanging book-case with glass doors, and several imitations of water-colors, common-place, but fresh in hue and representing scenes in Norway, Switzerland or Italy, adorned the walls. On a covered wooden bracket in a corner stood a statuette of the Virgin, wreathed with a rosary composed of large beads. There was a penetrating sweetness of expression in the countenance of the little image, who lifted three fingers in benediction, symbolizing the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

It was certainly a pretty room to look at, and what rendered it the more charming was the maidenly spirit which pervaded it, even in Henriette's absence. Its arrangements revealed an individual taste. Some bit of apparel, worthless in itself, but nicely selected, lay carelessly upon chair or table: a muslin tie, a belt with a fancy buckle, a jacket trimmed with six-penny lace, a parasol, or a pair of gloves, which had taken the form of a hand slenderly made, but slightly curved by the habit of holding the needle. Sometimes, during the day, old Eloi, depressed by his hours of solitude—for Henriette often took her midday meal at Mme. Clémence's—would get up from his chair, and opening the door of this chapel of love, would gaze awhile, without going in, at all the objects which reminded him of the sea-blue eyes and girlish fairness of the occupant, and then go off for a trudge about the town, quite rejuvenated and refreshed by the memory of his child.

Cunning Henriette had this evening, for her uncle's consolation, drawn forward the one upholstered armchair where no one ever sat, and then installed herself beside the table, where, slightly bent forward beneath the lamp which she had arrayed in its handsomest shade, she was busily engaged in sewing a border of cheap lace to the

neck and sleeves of a chemise, putting in her fine stitches with tranquil assurance. Now and then she paused to take up from the table her scissors or her thread, or to unroll the lace from its blue card; and at such moments she would glance involuntarily in the direction of Madiot, sunk in the depths of the armchair, or toward the open window which admitted whiffs of the evening breeze. If the gust were more violent it gathered the scattered branches of the oleander, sweeping with a loud rustling noise the wall of the house or the balcony-railing, and twice a sound of pulsing oars arose from the Loire, and Henriette smiled. She was feeling particularly light-hearted, first because Marie had been so well received at Mme. Clémence's, and then because she was playing toward Uncle Madiot the part that always suited her best, that of consoler.

"You shouldn't distress yourself so much about M. Lemarié's refusal, uncle," she said. "I don't at all agree with Antoine. You did what you could, and failed. You won't succeed any better by getting angry and threatening him with a lawsuit. Folks like us are such very insignificant adversaries."

"He has stolen my pension."

"Still, we have lived up to now. I can remember when we weren't nearly so rich," and she glanced complacently at the wardrobe and the imitation water-colors.

"But now, the years of misery are over. Antoine supports himself, and I— Let me tell you what Mme. Clémence said last Saturday, the day Marie Schwartz appeared. She called me a little artist, and she said it in a way that meant a great deal, or I'm very much mistaken. How would you like it, uncle, if your niece were to become head-milliner? Head-milliner in the most fashionable shop in Nantes. It may come about any day— Mlle. Augustine is going off so fast!" And she laughed a young fresh laugh, holding her needle between her fingers like a spear.

"With us in the millinery business it's woe to old women!"

"It's the same in our trade," replied Madiot. "Woe to the old men!"

Henriette realized that her laughter had been cruel, and she bit the pale under lip which had carelessly insulted a comrade in distress. "I'll never do anything to get her place, uncle," she said. "You may be sure of that. 'Tis my turn next, that's all."

They sat for a moment looking at one another: she in the involuntary exultation of her youth, he crushed, attending with difficulty to what she said, constrained to listen to her voice, but secretly reverting to his own trouble the moment she ceased speaking. How could he help despising himself, as he sat there stiffly in the cushioned armchair, his eyes fixed upon Henriette, his face immovable, save for the quivering of his eyelids? She utterly failed to understand how the foreseen issue of his afternoon's application should have depressed the old workman so terribly, and she attributed his obstinate gloom to the words of hatred which Antoine had doubtless whispered in his ear. "We are a long way, at all events," she said, setting another stitch, "from the day when I was apprenticed. Do you remember taking me to the door of Mlle. Laure's shop, who was making peasant-women's caps down by the river? And how you waited for me an hour outside in the cold that night, till you were almost frozen? I was a wee thing then, but we loved one another all the same!"

But it was all in vain that she recalled the past, and the unstinted devotion of Eloi Madiot. The old fellow was consumed by remorse and mortification.

"I was just on the point of telling the whole story," he thought, "I, a man and an old soldier! A minute more, and I should have shamed this child before the mistress, who was there. And after I had kept the secret for twenty-four years! I don't believe I love her at all! I am a coward and a villain!"

But as he looked at her, he knew that was a lie, and that he loved her well. Still, the shame remained, and miser-

able recollections which he usually succeeded in putting aside arose along with it, in his mind.

"Uncle," she began again, "when I am head-milliner at Mme. Clémence's I shall get much more pay; we shall be quite rich. And then I will invite you to make a voyage with me on my savings. We will go to the mouth of the Loire. Big Etienne has promised to take me in his boat."

She tried to cheer him by laughing again, for she knew his humor to be always very changeable; but this time the eyes of Madiot filled with tears.

"Just to think that I might have betrayed her! Only to think!"

Henriette dropped her sewing, leaned forward, and began to fondle the coarse, wrinkled hand, the well hand, which grasped the arm of the chair like a vise.

"Uncle, what is the matter?"

He sank his head, for fear she should read it in his eyes; while the oleander on the balcony shuddered and scraped the wall, pushing the tips of its boughs inside the window. All at once a voice from the street, half drowned by the gale, was heard shouting:—

"Holloa there, Madiot!"

The old man started up. Who could be calling him at that hour?

"Holloa you Madiots there! Come and look out!"

The two sprang forward, half blinded by the darkness, and stretching out their hands to feel the balustrade, climbed into the balcony which was elevated about six inches above the floor of the room. Thrusting her head through the branches of the plant, the girl leaned over the railing and perceived at a window of the story below, a grey shape, a cap, an arm, half a human figure in fact, craning at something in the distance.

"It's Mother Logeret," she whispered, "what is the matter?" and at the same moment the voice cried for the third time, in the terrified and excited tones of one who calls for help:—

"Where are you people? Look out, I tell you, and see the big fire."

"I'm coming," growled the old workman. "Hush your noise!" And silence fell upon the highest house in the town, whose three inhabitants peered into the night, in their anxiety to fix the locality of the disaster. Over beyond the nearest arm of the Loire a great fire was smouldering, but in what part of the poor district or even upon which of the river islands, it was impossible to say. Landmarks were invisible in the darkness, and the gazer was at fault. All that could be seen to the left of the misty water and the swaying ships was the irregular network of gaslights in the vast space of shadow between earth and sky. There were isles of light which seemed to soar above the horizon like stars; others arranged themselves in clusters, beyond which the long curves of the dark hills were drawn against the sky. The illuminated space taken all together seemed insignificant compared with the realm of darkness about it. The foci of radiance revealed nothing, and offered no suggestion of the daylight scene. They were mere points, all alike, and affording no measure of size or distance, save that in the midst of them two parallel lines of a much duller red barred the night—lines of windows probably which reflected invisible flames. Their brightness varied from moment to moment as the fury of the fire swayed this way and that, until a fountain of sparks broke from the lower line, and soared into the night higher than a cathedral spire, followed by a tongue of living flame, which licked the surface of a wall and sank exhausted.

"That building's done for!" said Madiot. "The woodwork has caught!"

"Poor people!" murmured Henriette, with a slight shudder.

Once more all were silent, while the drama hurried to its close. The color of the two red lines grew brighter. The flames leaped out like lightning flashes, each terminating in a plume of smoke of which the foremost puffs showed rose-color against the dark background. Cries of terror now came down the wind, which sounded more

like cheers, for crowds, at a distance, have only one voice for all emotions. Then, suddenly, the great roof fell. A long bed of burning coals was visible for one instant, where smoke, flame, and fragments of building, brightened or darkened to the fanning of the wind; then the higher clouds turned brick-color, and a flare of incandescent dust revealed a quarter part of the city—streets, squares, chimneys, and slate-roofs with people crawling over them. Old Madiot staggered back and leaned for support against the wall. The last ray of the sinking conflagration showed him ashy pale.

"Henriette! Henriette!"

She laid her hand on the wounded arm.

"What is it? What do you see?"

In a voice of horror he replied:—

"Henriette! It's Lemarié's that has burned!"

"Are you certain?"

"Don't I know my own work-room? The storehouses will go next! Let me go!"

"Oh, no! Not at your age! With only one hand! I cannot let you!"

But he pushed her aside, plunged forward, felt for his hat in the little kitchen, and struck the door a heavy blow, as he cried:—

"I must! I must! The fire's in our factory!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From *The Deutsche Revue*.
RUSSIAN PLANS AND ENGLISH ANXIETIES.

When Prince Uchtomski, at the audience granted to him by the Emperor of China on the twenty-eighth of May of the present year, spoke of the friendship, centuries old, which united the vast kingdom of the Son of Heaven with the Russian empire, he willingly forgot that this friendship has been an expensive one for China and, for instance, by the treaty of 1858, cost it the left bank of the Amoor. At any rate the prince came nearer to the

truth in the assertion that, of all the nations that were bound to the East by close relations, the Russians alone were allied to Asia by blood and intellect; in this statement he perhaps unconsciously gave the true reason for the success which Russian policy, since the empire recovered from the injuries received in the Crimean war, had obtained everywhere in Asia over its English rival. For even the special warmth of the toast proposed by Herr von Staal on the seventy-eighth birthday of Queen Victoria, and the significant fact that, on this occasion, the English hands played nothing but the Russian national hymn, cannot conceal this rivalry, or the successes gained by the Russians or their French friends in Corea, China, the northern frontier of India, Persia, Abyssinia and Turkey.

The war which England incited China to declare against Japan resulted in China's expulsion from Corea, but it was not Japan, with which country at the last moment England tried to make an alliance, that took China's place, but Russia. In Farther India a French empire of about seven hundred and fifty thousand square kilometers has been formed, and though the railroad concessions obtained in Kroangsi and Yunan by the French ambassador may appear better on paper than in an eventual attempt to put them into practical use, they unequivocally show a decline of English diplomatic, financial, and industrial influence in Peking, as do also the establishment of the Russo-Chinese bank, and the attempted closing of the last railroad contract with a Belgian syndicate. On the northern frontier of India the chronic conflicts with the independent tribes continue, and though the last encounter with the Waziris means little more than a repetition of former expeditions, which proved more costly than effective, the difficulties which England meets there continually are in marked and significant contrast to the ease with which Russia establishes herself on the table-land of the Pameer, and that with which the

transfer of the Khanats of Roschan and Shagnan, with a part of Wakhan to the sovereignty of the Emir of Buchara, to whom Russia delivered them, was made. The failure of the English mission to Abyssinia is well known, and, in the matter of the Persian railways, the index of the balance inclines strongly toward Russia, as Russian influences, during the last decade, has outweighed English in the domain of the shah. In the Turko-Grecian conflict, also, England's loss of importance in the Council of the Great Powers was perceptible, and it is probably due to this fact that he abandoned the path of diplomacy—in this case an unusually direct one—and entered the more crooked one of inciting strife among the nations.

The fact of the preponderance of Russian influence wherever it is opposed to English, can scarcely be doubtful to any one who follows, even superficially, the course of the history of the present time, but the causes of it are less apparent. On the Russian side they might be found in that country's knowledge of what it wants and how it wants it, and its being undeterred in the execution of the plans formed, either by parliamentary difficulties or financial obstacles. Whoever has attentively watched Russian policy in Eastern Asia, will be obliged to admit that its precedence in the question of the retrocession of Liaotung, the assumption of the guarantee of the Russo-French-Chinese loan of 1895, the establishment of the Russo-Chinese bank in the same year, and the government-guarantee of the capital and interest of the bonds given by this bank for the building of the Manchurian portion of the Trans-Siberian railroad, were masterpieces of far-sighted statecraft, which with the existence of a parliamentary system—far more a government ruled by parliament—would have been simply impossible, for, during the period of the discussion and adoption of such measures, they would be thwarted by the proceedings of other powers. England's purchase of the Khedive's Suez

canal stock can scarcely be cited as a proof of the contrary, for a similar combination of favorable circumstances could scarcely be repeated, and modern English statesmen possess neither the resolution nor the keenness of Disraeli.

Comprehension of the peculiarities of the Asiatic character which, apart from external forms and the influence of religious fanaticism, is the same from the shores of the Caspian Sea to those of the Pacific Ocean is rendered much easier for the Russian because he himself, in spite of all European varnish, feels that he is an Asiatic and therefore is better able to understand and deal with other Asiatics, as well as to come nearer their hearts and be understood by them, than the Englishman, who can never lay aside the superiority of the European in his intercourse with his Asiatic subjects and hence always remains foreign and unsympathetic to them.

The transfer of the sovereignty of the East India Company to the English crown has often, and not unjustifiably, been regarded and praised as an advance in civilization, and this is true in so far that the crown is undoubtedly a milder and more just mistress than was John Company. Yet the transfer was a step backward, inasmuch as the government of India has passed out of the hands of men familiar with the conditions and needs of the country into those of persons who enter upon conditions hitherto unknown to them. In reality, the fact is that the great majority of the members of Parliament know nothing about the matters which they are called upon to determine, and the "faddists" and riders of hobbles, who have obtained their knowledge of the country and people from a residence of a few weeks or months in India have gained an increasing and disastrous influence over its destiny.

There are three principal causes which threaten English rule in India. The ever growing poverty of the population, which is caused not by direct measures of the Indian government,

but by the fact that it finds itself compelled to fill the lower grades of offices with natives who are not only incapable of performing the duties of such positions but, in connection with the usurers who, almost everywhere in India, drain the life-blood of the agricultural class, oppress it, in their own interest, in every direction. Another cause is that, from false economy, not only has the position of the English judges, so far as influence and emolument are concerned, been lowered and degraded year by year, but the study of Mohammedan and Hindoo law has largely ceased and native counsellors and assessors have been discharged, so that now it is no uncommon thing to see courts of justice deciding questions of inheritance, succession, and marriage among the natives, as well as religious customs, without any knowledge of the subject.

But the greatest peril to English sovereignty in India lies in the condition of the native army. During the rule of the India Company every native regiment had twenty-five, and every cavalry regiment twenty-two English officers, while at the present time the number of such officers has diminished to four or five, and those who demand eight English officers for each native regiment are regarded as dangerous innovators. The cause of this diminishing of the number of English officers of native troops must be sought in the constantly lowered and—owing to the fall of silver—more and more unsatisfactory pay of the officers, as well as in the fact that a large number of them regard service in the army merely as temporary and the means of obtaining a better paid civil position. That the cohesion of the troops suffers materially from this state of affairs is a matter of course, but a fact even more disastrous in its influence upon the spirit of the whole army is that the ever widening extension of the Indian empire—since 1876 it has grown seventy-five thousand square miles—has compelled the government to fill up the army with elements—for instance the Beludchi,

Pathan, and members of other northern tribes who, in many cases, have proved thoroughly unreliable, while at the same time the troops of the armies of Madras, Bombay, and Hindostan, strongly against their wishes and somewhat against their rights, have been sent to serve in the unhealthy northern regions, such as Beloochistan and Afghanistan, or conveyed to countries across the sea. If to these causes is added the fact that the pay of the Sepoys is absolutely insufficient to support them and their families, as well as that not only has there been a very considerable increase of the established native army of one hundred and forty-eight thousand five hundred men—by the creation of a military police, frontier troops, militia, reserves, etc.—in comparison to the English army of seventy-two thousand men, stationed in India, and that a not inconsiderable portion of the native troops especially in the Punjab has cantonments in their recruiting districts, and thus can easily be infected by the dissatisfaction of the civilian population, we can understand the anxiety with which persons familiar with the country and people in India regard the farther development of existing circumstances. A peril not to be underestimated, also exists in the undermining work of people—mainly from Bengal—who, educated at the school and universities established by England, retain all the vices of their own civilization and have received from the foreign one only sufficient to secure the support of radical enthusiasts in England, and united with them, work for the overthrow of British sovereignty in India. In the famine and pestilence of last year, and still more in the measures adopted by the government for the suppression of the latter, by which religious sensibilities and material interests could not fail to be frequently injured and wounded, this party found powerful aid. This condition of affairs is also probably well known in Russia, only there it is perhaps judged more coolly and professionally than in England, where

the public treatment of such questions is generally—consciously or unconsciously—made to appear in a light more in harmony with the wishes of the masses and the emotional necessities of the moment. But, to the governing classes of England, it is also clear that the creation of new lines of connection and ways of ready transportation of troops, such as the Trans-Caspian and Trans-Siberian railroads, and the rendering native populations helpful to Russian interests, as Russia has already succeeded in doing in Central Asia, and is now trying to do in Mongolia and Manchuria, in Corea and China, threatens the British sovereignty of the world with perils all the more serious because Russia, with great prudence, knows how to adjust her ever increasing points of attack upon English interests, so that they remain out of the reach of the English war-ships.

The maintenance of communication with India by sea is therefore more than ever a vital question for England at the present day. That the Suez Canal should hardly be seriously considered for such a purpose has probably long been apparent to English statesmen. Aside from the fact that the canal could easily be rendered impassable for weeks and months by the sinking of a few ships or the explosion of a torpedo, the possibility of its practical use to England must depend upon her ability to maintain her control of the Mediterranean Sea. The relations formed with Italy for this purpose might be considerably loosened by the downfall of Italian colonial plans in the Red Sea, which unfortunately a portion of the German press, in a thorough misconception of the general political significance of the matter, has received with satisfaction—and therefore it is readily understood why greater attention has recently again been bestowed in England upon the passage by sea around the Cape of Good Hope. In a foolish, superficial fashion the acquisition of property in Africa by Germans has been regarded in England as a menace to British su-

premacy in South Africa, instead of something precisely in harmony with the present aims and methods of English policy, a buffer state thrust between the English and French spheres of interest. Part of the outcry raised of late in official circles in England, with regard to matters in the Transvaal, may probably be attributed to the necessity for creating a state of public opinion favorable to the increase of the navy, now regarded as necessary, but it is to be regretted that, on the German side also, much has been done which bore little relation to the actual circumstances. Doubtless all agree in condemning Cecil Rhodes' methods and the Jameson raid, but we ought not to lose sight of the fact that the difficulties between the Uitlanders and the Boers are only very slightly connected with these excrescences of English supremacy. That this question, in the course of time and in a perfectly natural manner, must be decided against the Boers is apparent because, on the one hand, they can receive no increase in number while the foreign element is constantly enlarged by immigration, and on the other hand, primitive forms of government, such as the republic of the Boers, have everywhere and in all times perished in the attempt to maintain an oligarchical mode of government through the vices inherent in it. This conviction will gradually be reached, notwithstanding the outcry of a portion of the German press also, and the support of the Uitlanders' just claims will be seen to be a far better means for the preservation of the independence of the Transvaal than the coercion of the latter. In England, too, people are beginning to perceive that an understanding with Germany upon the South African question is to be preferred to the foolish threats which, if they had any result at all, could only drive Germany into the arms of the foes of England. The latter has the less motive for doing this, since these foes are already sufficiently numerous and active, and the attempt to rid herself of another possible enemy by the

conclusion of an Anglo-American arbitration treaty—even in case such a treaty could be so formulated as to be acceptable on both sides of the ocean—would not remove the fact that, so long as the English flag floats over Canada, a true understanding between England and the United States is not to be obtained.

M. VON BRANDT. Translated for The Living Age by Mary J. Safford.

From The Fortnightly Review.

A NEW STUDY OF NATURAL RELIGION.

A work has been just published of more than ordinary interest—the first volume of a "History of Intellectual Development," by Dr. John Beattie Crozier, who has devoted years to its composition. The title is, perhaps, not very happily chosen; for though the intellectual development of mankind is certainly dealt with by the author, his principal subject is the development not of the intellect, but of religion, and especially of religion as connected with moral action. His methods of reasoning, and the specific conclusions he arrives at, will be valued very differently by different classes of thinkers; but even those who disagree with him most seriously can hardly fail to acknowledge that he has given a fresh stimulus to the study of certain problems, however far they may think he has been from solving them. For most readers the interest of any speculative work depends on what it is which the writer ultimately desires to prove. It will be well, therefore, to begin with observing that Dr. Crozier's ultimate aim—so far as it can be gathered from what he has thus far published—is to demonstrate the reality and the necessity of some personal will, existing behind and acting through evolution, and directing human affairs to a predetermined end. In other words, though he follows the methods of Mr. Herbert Spencer, his desire, with regard to religion, is to establish that very conclusion which Mr. Spencer repudiates and has done

his best to discredit. According to Mr. Spencer, modern evolutionary science compels us to explain the universe by reference to some mystery which is unknowable, and of which it is impossible, and indeed absurd, to predicate that it takes any special heed of what men do or suffer. According to Dr. Crozier, this same system of science, and especially the additions to it which Mr. Spencer himself has made, compel us to the belief in a supreme and intelligent Personality, who has created men with as much definite purpose as has ever been attributed to him by the most anthropomorphic theology; and that his purpose is mainly, if not exclusively, men's moral salvation, just as the Christian assumes this to be the purpose of his own Deity. It must be added, however, that from the Christian point of view Dr. Crozier is emphatically not orthodox. The Founder of Christianity is for him merely a remarkable man, endowed, indeed, with gifts of unique moral insight, but no more possessed of any superhuman character than Socrates, Mahomet, Luther, or Brigham Young. The Christian apologists, therefore, will find in Dr. Crozier an ally who is all the more efficacious as an upholder of Theism, because he reaches the doctrine from a point external to their own religion, and apparently without the assistance of any religious bias.

Dr. Crozier tells us on his title-page this his history is "on the lines of modern evolution;" and it is essentially on the doctrine of evolution that his theistic theory is based. I can, perhaps, indicate the tenor of his argument most clearly by beginning with a description, which I have myself on a former occasion given, of what Evolution is when viewed from a certain standpoint. The facts on which I dwelt, though evolutionists in general have neglected them, can be understood by anybody when once they are pointed out; and they will form an easy introduction to the somewhat more complicated *data* from which Dr. Crozier reasons as the apologist for a belief in Providence. I pointed out

that the principal effect on thought produced by the doctrine of evolution—and especially of that doctrine as elaborated by the school of Darwin—has been to disprove, or, at all events, render unnecessary, the old doctrine of an intelligent and Supreme Designer, who, creating by his will all kinds of living creatures, endowed each species with such physical and mental characteristics as were most suited to the circumstances in which he placed them. Instead of the Supreme Designer, Darwin, as we all know, has given us natural selection, the adaptation of the organism to its environment, and the struggle for life which results in the survival of the fittest. But, I went on to point out, the Darwinian struggle for life, even if we accept it as superseding the will of the Supreme Designer, does not by any means get rid of will and of design altogether. On the contrary, their action is implied by the theory of evolution just as imperatively as it is enunciated in the first chapter of Genesis; but with this difference, that, whereas for the author of Genesis the will and design in question are those of a single being—namely, of the Deity—they are for the Darwinian the will and the design of innumerable beings—namely, the animals. Each animal has had the will to live, and has sought for subsistence with the design of supporting its life; and if it had not been for the movements thus produced, there could, on the Darwinian theory, have been no evolution at all. But the Darwinian differs from the orthodox theist not only in the fact that he postulates innumerable wills instead of one. He differs from him in another and a yet profounder way. For the orthodox theist man and the various species of animals were not only the result of the intention of a single mind, but they were also the exact result intended. For the Darwinian, though the evolution of species is the result of intention also, it is not the result intended by any one of those beings whose wills and intentions alone rendered it possible. As each primitive animal struggled for its own food, fought with other

animals, and indulged in its reproductive instincts, it had no idea that by its concentrated and intense effort it was playing its part in a process which would ultimately produce man, and a world of other animals unlike and superior to itself. Thus species, though for the Darwinian just as much as for the orthodox theist it is the product of design or intention, is for the Darwinian altogether a by-product; and I said that, as put before us by the philosophy of modern science, evolution may be defined as the *reasonable sequence of the unintended*.

This view of the matter, which, as I have said already, is sufficiently simple to be easily grasped by any one, is practically the view—though he implies rather than expresses it—which forms the starting-point of Dr. Crozier's theological argument. Evolution for him is practically the *reasonable sequence of the unintended*, so long as it is interpreted by the methods of physical science; but Dr. Crozier's contention is that, though these methods have revealed it to us, we must use other methods for its interpretation. If the evolutionary sequence is unintended so far as men and animals are concerned, it must, being reasonable, have been intended by some ruling Intelligence somewhere; and if this argument holds good with regard to that evolution of species which culminated in the production of the articulate-speaking human being, we shall find that its force is increased threefold when we apply it to the evolution of those beliefs and ideas which have marked man's progress from the days of his primeval savagery to our own. Dr. Crozier would doubtless admit that this was true of men's beliefs and ideas with regard to every subject; but it is to ideas and beliefs which are religious or connected with his religion that he confines his attention; and it is of these alone that we need speak. Dr. Crozier's contention is that amongst the progressive nations of the world, religion, or the theory by which men explain the universe and their own connection with it, has advanced to Christian theism.

from the fetish worship of the primeval savage by a series of stages which have followed one another in reasonable order, and that each advance has been due to the teaching of individual thinkers. But let us take the religious beliefs which, at any given period, have been really dominant amongst any of the progressive nations, and let us consider the way in which one set of dominant beliefs have slowly but surely given place to another, and we shall find that these beliefs, and especially their reasonable sequence, are something different from anything intended, conceived of, or foreseen, by any of those teachers and philosophers to whom the religious movement was due. Each of these teachers and philosophers aimed at influencing religious thought in some definite way; but the change which they succeeded in producing in it was not the change they aimed at. Very often what they aimed at themselves was the establishment of error, which in their blindness they mistook for truth, and for a time they persuaded others to accept. But whether they aimed at establishing errors or partial truths, the joint result of their teachings has been the development of a religious system, which has borne the same relation to the teachings they individually advocated that a piece of tapestry would bear to the men who worked it, if each of the men did only a single stitch, and had no idea of the design that was developing itself under the action of their fingers. It follows, therefore, says Dr. Crozier, that a higher "co-ordinating Power" must have been at work directing the actions of these intellectual workmen, just as an architect directs the actions of bricklayers. Let us now sum up the matter in Dr. Crozier's own words.

Were the active agents, in working out these great designs, *conscious* of what they were doing, the whole achievement would be only an instance of the activity of the human spirit working after its own proper laws, and making for itself its own world of religion, its own moral and social environment, according to the ideal and pattern of its dreams, and so

could have no further or ulterior religious or philosophical significance. But when it is discovered that the individual men and women, who are the instruments by which these great ends of civilization are brought about, are no more conscious of what they are doing, or where they are going, than the bees are when, in their search for honey, they are made at the same time to fertilize the flowers; but, on the contrary, are either intent on their own private ends, or if on public ends, not on the ends which this co-ordinating Power, this genius of the world, is working out through them; when we discover all this, we feel that this co-ordinating Power, this unknown X in the equation, which is *not ourselves*, and which makes steadily for moral ends, is what, in the case of human beings, we should designate as both intelligent and moral. But although the course of this history thus supports the belief in a stupendous and overarching supernaturalism, everywhere enfolding and pervading the world and its affairs, and giving scope and exercise to all that is properly religious in thought and feeling, it nowhere lays emphasis on any particular one of those supernaturalisms which have prevailed among the different nations and peoples, and in which poor belated human souls, hard pressed by fate, have in this rude world taken refuge from the storm, and for a brief space found peace, and solace, and rest. On the contrary, it treats them one and all as *means* and *instruments* merely to the one great end.

The object of Dr. Crozier's work is to show how this theory is supported by the history of religion—religion regarded as an intellectual belief, which will at once explain life and tend to influence conduct. He has abstained, he says, from unduly pressing his theory upon the reader, and he leaves his history, for the most part, to point its own moral; but none the less this is the theory which he himself aims at establishing. History is in his eyes valuable because such is the lesson which he derives from it, and his work, as a whole, would have little meaning or coherency if it were not for the unity and purpose which this theory gives it. Let us now see in detail how he works out his schemes, and in doing so it will

be necessary to lay somewhat greater stress on his own personal convictions than he has, perhaps, laid himself.

As the reader will have seen from the passage above quoted, Dr. Crozier believes in a supreme co-ordinating Power, which is both intelligent and moral, and which is the author and guide of everything. In other words, a certain kind of monotheism is for him the highest religion which mankind has yet reached; and, accordingly, his aim, in the history of intellectual development, is to show how man, starting with the fetishism and totemism of the savage, has at length reached this intellectual goal. Let us begin with reversing the procedure of Dr. Crozier, and trace the history of religion backwards instead of forwards. The sublimated monotheism, then, which he regards as the latest result of progress, is, according to him, the inevitable though unforeseen outcome of Christianity. It is, in short, Christianity purged of its mythical elements, and could never have existed if Christianity had not prepared the way for it. But when we come to examine the elements out of which the monotheism of Christianity has arisen, we find them, broadly speaking, to be three in number. Firstly, there was the monotheism of the Jews; secondly, there was the monotheism of Christ, which was the Jewish monotheism purified, ennobled, and expanded; and thirdly, there was the philosophy of the Greeks, which alone made it possible for the human intellect to recognize the man Christ Jesus as God, and yet to believe still that there was only one God, not many. It is necessary, however, to explain the monotheism of the Jews itself, the development of Greek philosophy, and the manner in which the two came ultimately to coalesce.

Jewish monotheism and Greek philosophy, according to Dr. Crozier, have, in one sense, the same origin, and that origin is the primitive religion of the savage. The instinctive religion of the savage is polytheistic. He attributes everything which does not result from

man's will to some will or wills resembling it; and each of the principal phenomena of nature he inclines to explain by assigning some separate will to it as its cause. In accordance, however, with the variation natural not only to individuals but to communities, one tribe developed itself which, unlike the others, had, though not denying that a multitude of gods existed, only one tribal God, not many tribal gods, of its own. The tribe in question was the Jews, and we here have the monotheism in embryo which in time developed into the religion of the later books of the Old Testament. The polytheism, however, of the other nations of antiquity, instead of disappearing, became accentuated as civilization developed; until, at least amongst one race, whose mental acuteness was exceptional, it produced a revolt of the intellect against its absurd and unsatisfying mythologies. This race was the Greek. The beginnings of Greek philosophy expressed the attempts of the human intellect to explain the world without the hypothesis of personal wills. The first of the Greek philosophers, Thales, said that water was the cause of all things; the second, Anaximenes, for water substituted air; the third, Anaximander, substituted for both an indeterminate substance which was capable of transforming itself into either; the fourth, Pythagoras, added to the indeterminate substance certain principles of form and number, by which its transformations were determined; and to these the Eleatics added a principle of life and movement.

Now, before pursuing the subject of Greek thought further, we must notice what Dr. Crozier says of it during these its earliest stages. Though it seems at first sight to seek for an explanation of things, as modern positive science does, in what we call material causes, these causes as conceived of by it were not really material, but metaphysical. Water and air, for instance, for Thales and Anaximenes, were not material things, as they are for the modern physicists, which cease to be themselves when they pass over into

other forms—as water ceases to be water when resolved into its component gases; but they were principles or essences “underlying each and every transformation which for the time being they assumed.” They were this, says Dr. Crozier, and they could have been nothing else; for physical science, with its uniformities of antecedents and consequents, was at that period impossible and inconceivable; and human thought, therefore, if it rejected the wills of polytheism as an explanation of things, had but one alternative for these personal causes, which was not physical causes, but metaphysical. Accordingly, when Pythagoras and his successors added to water, air, and fire such principles as that of number, of the universal vivifying soul, or of love and hate, like the two poles of a battery, they were adding principles to principles, not principles to inert matter. Matter itself had as much vitality as the soul, or as love or hate, and conditioned these as much as they conditioned it. Such being the case, a subsequent thinker, Anaxagoras, perceiving that Nature seemed full of evidences of design, and could hardly be the chance resultant of two coequal principles, inaugurated a new era in philosophic thought by substituting for the vital soul, or for love and hate, intelligence; the difference being that whereas love and hate were affected by matter as they affected it, matter in the hands of intelligence was more or less passive, and intelligence shaped it in accordance with its own ends. It was this idea of intelligence which, elaborated by other philosophers, and especially by Plato and his school, finally coalesced with the monotheism of the Jews, as ennobled and transfigured by Christ, and redeemed from its tribal narrowness, and preached to the world by His followers.

This coalescence, says Dr. Crozier, so far as Greek philosophy was concerned, was inevitable, for the longer the Greek thinkers dwelt upon the problem of existence, and the more they realized its complexity, the more numerous became the principles which they had to

postulate in order to account for it. Thus Plato, in addition to matter and the supreme intelligence, postulated Good, Number, and an infinity of Ideas, as eternal existences, out of which intelligence formed the world. It was, therefore, felt necessary by the human mind to discover some higher single principle in which all these elements should be united. Now, such a principle, says Dr. Crozier, could be found only in a single supreme will, or, in other words, a supreme personal God, who was omnipotent and omniscient, and also absolutely good; and a God of this kind was first proclaimed to the world by Christ, who re-conceived Jehovah, the tribal deity of the Jews, as the living Father of the entire human race. Dr. Crozier devotes several interesting chapters to an account of the development of Jehovah from the patron of a belligerent tribe, who secured the devotion of his adherents by promises of temporal prosperity into the supreme spirit of later Jewish theology, who could reward or punish men not in this life only, but in another, and who needed only that attribute of solicitous fatherhood with which Christ's teaching invested him to turn him into the Christian God. This God, however, was the product of the faith and moral experience of one particular nation rather than of thought, and could never have been accepted by the Gentile world at large unless thought should reduce the conception of him to terms of reason, and enable the intellect of the more cultivated nations to assimilate it. Christian theism, therefore, required Greek philosophy as much as Greek philosophy required Christian theism; and Christianity, with its doctrines of the Incarnation and of the Trinity, was the result. That the dogmas of Christianity are true Dr. Crozier does not admit, but he regards them as a vessel which contains—and as the first vessel that ever contained—the true and satisfying theism which he himself accepts, and regards as the final cause of the whole process of intellectual evolution.

Here, then, according to him, we have

an orderly progress from the lowest belief to the highest, each step of which we can trace with perfect clearness, and see how each was bringing man nearer to the appointed end; but each stage was taken by the men who took it without any conception of what this end was. Thales never imagined that he was paving the way for Plato; nor Plato that he was paving the way for the Apostles Paul and John; nor Paul and John that they were paving the way for Athanasius; nor did the Jewish theologians imagine that they were paving the way for Christ. The scattered and divergent efforts of all these different men and their disciples produced a coherent whole not dreamt of by any one of them; and this coherent Scripture, not intended by man, but written, as Dr. Crozier says, "athwart" their intentions—this Scripture leading up to a pure monotheism—an "over-arching supernaturalism"—must represent the intention, and consequently prove the existence, of the supreme personality which, with growing clearness, it proclaims.

In working out the details of this argument Dr. Crozier shows extreme ingenuity; and there is hardly a chapter in the entire volume which does not stimulate thought to a very high degree. But when we come to consider his argument as a whole, and to ask what it is really worth, with a view to deciding how far we can adopt his conclusions, and how far, if we do so, our beliefs will be practically affected by it, we shall find it necessary to speak with some hesitation. Of the details of his argument many are open to criticism, though it appears to me that some of his most questionable contentions might be abandoned without injuring his main position. I do not propose, however, to discuss such details at all. It could not be done profitably unless it were done at considerable length. I purpose rather to assume that his argument in the main is true, and to consider what, on this assumption, it comes to. Put briefly, his argument comes to this: Men have arrived by a series of innumerable

steps at a certain conception of and belief in a single Deity; and from the moment they started on this progress, every step has been bringing them nearer to the end. But they took each step without any idea of the direction in which it was carrying them; many imagined themselves to be going in directions that were diverse or opposite; and yet they all were advancing towards the same reasonable conclusion. Therefore, says Dr. Crozier, this reasonable conclusion must be true. Now, does this follow? Is this argument sound? Is the fact that a multitude of independent philosophers have all unintentionally combined to produce a creed of pure monotheism, calculated to convince a mind, which would not be convinced otherwise, that God actually exists? That there is some force in the argument must be, no doubt, admitted; but at the same time it contains a considerable number of difficulties. It derives its force from the suppressed but familiar premiss, that the reasonable cannot have come out of the unreasonable; and since the doctrine of monotheism, though the result of men's reasoning processes, was not the result intended by any one of the reasoners, and since it cannot consequently be said to be the product of human reason, we must owe it to the reason of what Dr. Crozier calls that "co-ordinating power" who is the subject of the doctrine as well as the author of it.

This argument is open to two principal objections. One is that it is merely a repetition of the argument drawn from the appearance of design in nature generally. The evolution of species and the final appearance of man are as much a reasonable sequence of phenomena, produced without any reasonable intention on the part of any of the visible agents concerned in it, as is the sequence of man's intellectual theories and the final appearance of monotheism; and the mind which is not convinced that a reasonable God exists, because the evolution of species has culminated in reasonable man, is not likely to be so because the evolution

of thought has, amongst certain men culminated in that conviction. The second objection to Dr. Crozier's argument is this, that in attributing to man's intellectual development a reasonable tendency and end, because it has resulted in the kind of monotheism which he describes, he is making an arbitrary assumption in taking this monotheism as the end or the final cause of the development, since it seems to many people that monotheism has been evolved only to disappear; and further, he will seem to many people to be making an unwarranted assumption when he represents this monotheism as being itself entirely reasonable. It may be so. This is a question which we need not here discuss; but at all events it confronts the reason with a large array of difficulties, some of which are as old as thought itself, whilst others have arisen out of, or have derived fresh force from, the scientific discoveries of modern times. These difficulties are of a familiar kind. One is the difficulty involved in the question of freewill and moral responsibility. It is impossible to represent freewill on a strictly reasonable conception. If it exists at all, it is a phenomenon of a different order from any of those which mental or physical science can take count of; and the metaphysical difficulties which have always been apparent to philosophers have now been augmented and invested with a material form by physical science, which shows thought to be a function of the brain, and thus—so far as our own observation can tell us—to be inseparably united to the molecular movement of the universe. The Deity whom Dr. Crozier supposes the course of evolution to reveal to us is, he tells us, an essentially moral intelligence, and his relations to man are moral relations, or they are nothing. A belief in freewill therefore is necessarily implied in his theology; and he cannot reasonably establish his faith in God unless he can reasonably indicate the existence of freewill in man. Further, he tells us that the object of God's government of the world is shown by

the course of evolution to be the improvement of man's morality. In other words, the attainment of moral perfection is the final cause of man's existence. Moral perfection is a thing, however, which essentially pertains to the individual. We are accordingly compelled to ask ourselves on what reasonable grounds this moral perfection, which is the true end of man, can be reserved by the Deity for some distant generation, to whose welfare all the imperfect generations which have gone before have been sacrificed. To these, and to kindred difficulties, there may no doubt be an answer; but those who are not satisfied with the answer of orthodox theology, and who consequently fail to find the God of Christianity credible, will not find it easier to believe in the God, or as Dr. Crozier expresses it, "The Genius of the World," to whose existence he argues that the course of human evolution bears witness. The principal difficulties experienced by the would-be Theist depend not on the lack of facts which suggest a benevolent Providence who loves and desires the welfare of each individual human being, but on the existence of other facts which conflict with this suggestion, and in the logical contradictions which to many minds seem involved in it, and which are rather increased than lessened by external evidence in its favor. I am, however, far from denying that Dr. Crozier's argument, if its principal details should be found to bear examination, may have some legitimate effect on theological speculation, though, taken by itself, it is at best little calculated to turn into theists those who have no other grounds for conversion.

But, in spite of considerations such as these, Dr. Crozier's book appears to me to possess a singular value. The results of his study of theism may not impose themselves on our acceptance; but his method of study is at all events the true method. If instead of "*A History of Intellectual Development*" he had taken for his title "*A History of the Development of Natural Religion*," he

would have indicated far more accurately the real scope of his inquiry, for Natural Religion is, in reality, his subject; and he has treated it in the only way which is, properly speaking, scientific; and it is a way which recent philosophers altogether neglect. The usual ways of treating it have thus far been two—that which is adopted by Christian Apologists, and that which is adopted by the school of Mr. Herbert Spencer. The Christian Apologists mean by Natural Religion a belief in God to which, without any special revelation, it is alleged that the mind is brought by a right use of reason. By the mind apologists of this type mean the mind of the individual; and by reason they mean reason as informed and developed by education. They do not mean the reason of the unlettered peasant or the primitive savage; but the alert and clarified reason of the intellectually civilized man. Given this reason, the apologist of the kind in question postulates only an individual possessing it on the one hand, and the world as revealed by observation and experience on the other; and Natural Religion means for him certain logical conclusions which the isolated reasoner will deduce from the materials thus presented to him. The procedure of thinkers of the school of Mr. Spencer is different. Instead of dealing with the intellectually civilized individual, he takes for his starting point the ignorant and primitive savage—not the savage as an individual, but the savage as a class—or the raw material out of which civilized humanity has been developed; and he aims at explaining all forms of religion or theism, not as the legitimate result of the use of reason in its maturity, but as the result of reason in its childhood acting on the emotions and the experiences of children. Each of these methods is faulty, though in a different way; and Dr. Crozier, deliberately as regards the one, and unconsciously as regards the other, sets himself to remedy their defects. His deliberate intentions are confined to his dealings with the method of Mr. Spencer; and his position with regard

to it shall be explained in his *own* words.

The only section of intellectual development [he says] which, in this [i. e., in this religious] sense, Mr. Spencer has treated scientifically, is the development from dreams, etc., of men's primitive religious conception of God, the Soul, and a future life, as seen in those savage races who are the existing representatives of the thought and feeling of prehistoric man. But he has stopped just at the point where they become of interest to us, viz., where their primitive conceptions are taken up into the thought of civilized nations, of Hindoos, Greeks, and Europeans, and woven by them into religions and philosophies. Into this Mr. Spencer nowhere enters; and so he has left the field of the investigator of these higher and more interesting stages of intellectual development still open.

In other words, the fault which Dr. Crozier alleges against Mr. Spencer is that Mr. Spencer having, to his own satisfaction, shown a belief in God to have originated, not in the natural apprehension, but in the natural misapprehension of men, does not think its subsequent history worth following. Dr. Crozier, on the contrary, considers the flower to be as worthy of study as the bud. Indeed, he thinks that the theism of the savage—its origin, its nature, and its significance—cannot be thoroughly understood until we examine the theism of civilization into which it expanded, any more than the passions of mature human nature can be understood by examining the rudiments of them in the child.

It is in its insistence on this view that the value of Dr. Crozier's work lies, but the full significance of his position seems to be hardly apparent to himself. I will now endeavor to make this clear by turning from Mr. Spencer's method of what we may call arrested study of natural religion, which Dr. Crozier aims at completing, to that other method pursued by the ordinary Christian apologist. The Christian apologist differs from the Spencerian student partly in dealing with the intellectually civilized man instead of with the savage; but

he differs from him also—and this is the principal point of difference—in dealing with the self-conscious reasonings of the individual instead of the feelings, the assumptions, the belief, the habits of mind, unconsciously acquired, or unquestioningly adopted by the race, slowly changing from age to age, and mirroring themselves with approximate similarity in the minds of all. The difference between the two methods of study is profound. It is as great as would be the difference between studying constitutional government in the theories of some speculative philosopher and studying it in the history of our own and of other nations. The fundamental error of the Christian apologist is as follows: his object in vindicating for theism a foundation in the natural reason is to show, not to believers, but to unbelievers, the reasonableness of the theism of revelation. That is to say, his arguments in favor of natural religion are addressed to persons who do not believe in Christianity or a religion supernaturally revealed. But he overlooks the fact that if Christianity has not been revealed to man by God it is, in all its developments, a religion which man has constructed for and imposed on himself. For the unbeliever, therefore, with whom the apologist argues, natural religion is not merely a structure of syllogisms by which isolated logical acrobats climb to some abstract propositions, asserting the existence of an intelligent First Cause, or deduce the immortality of the soul from the indivisibility and consequent indestructibility of consciousness. It is the entire body of theological doctrines which have been slowly developed and accepted by the Christian world. If the savage's belief in the deities of his tribe or in the spirits of his ancestors is natural, if the logician's belief in an intelligent First Cause is natural, equally natural is the Christian's belief in the love of God, in the reality of sin, in the Trinity, in the atonement, in Transubstantiation, and in priestly absolution.

Dr. Crozier's work, I say, insists on

this view of the matter, and it is what we may call a natural history of Christianity; but he misses, as I have said also, the full significance of his position; and he misses it in the following way. He maintains—and he maintains with perfect truth—that all great advances in religion have been the work of exceptionally gifted men, who have perceived and proclaimed, like Plato, new intellectual truths, or who have perceived and proclaimed new moral truths like Christ; and he explains with great lucidity how the moral fortunes of Christianity depended on the skill and genius of those early theologians, from St. Paul downwards, who provided for the moral code and the devotional feelings of Christians, an intellectual basis in the secular philosophy of the time. But he fails to perceive—or, at all events, he does not bring out the fact—that though the progress and conservation of Christianity has been the work of the few—of a moral and intellectual aristocracy—the doctrines which they have proclaimed and defended have spread and endured only because they appealed to and found an instinctive response in the natures of ordinary men. Christianity spread because its doctrines, in their simplest form, acted on ordinary men like a kind of spiritual medicine, which thinkers and theologians analyzed like men of science; but unless ordinary human nature had found the medicine efficacious, not all the thinking and all the philosophizing in the world would have persuaded the masses of mankind to swallow it any more than the physicians of every college in Europe would be able to persuade men to continue taking a pill whose efficacy was practically denied by the evidence of their own constitutions. The use of medicines spreads in proportion as they are found effectual; and the test of their efficacy is the body of the average man. In the same way religious doctrines spread according to the effect produced by them on the average man's soul; and the popular assent given to them is an objective revelation, not so much of human thought as of human nature.

This assent, however, which constitutes a great religion, is not the assent of individuals thinking and feeling in isolation. It acquires its force and vitality through expression, so that each man may know the feelings of others, and compare the workings of his own heart and spirit with the workings of theirs. The response made by one man's soul in isolation, to such doctrines as that of the fatherhood of God, or of Christ's atonement for sin, or Christ's entering into and dwelling in each man through the Eucharist, or of the reality of sin and man's need of redemption from it, either is faint or intermittent; or will be very apt, if it is intense, to seem to the man at times an hallucination peculiar to himself; but as soon as he knows that others have experiences similar to his own, his vague assents will acquire a force, precision, and certainty, just as a man's belief that he had really seen a ghost would acquire precision and certainty if a multitude of other men should inform him that they had seen it also, and if their description of it should agree with his.

Let us take, for example, Christianity, and especially the Christianity of Catholicism. The doctrines of transubstantiation, of the atonement, and of priestly absolution may be true or false; but they have been and still are doctrines believed in by millions. They would never have been believed in, they could have had no intelligible meaning, had the sense of sin, the idea of good, the need of forgiveness, and the desire of reconciliation with goodness, not been previously present in human nature. These doctrines consequently, whether they are revelations from God or no, are at all events revelations of the secret nature of man. Catholic theology, even if we do not believe a word of it, is none the less a magnified projection of the inmost recesses of man's heart upon the clouds; and the evolution of this theology is the objective counterpart of the subjective evolution of man's moral knowledge of himself. It does not represent, however, the moral development of one

individual or of one generation. It represents a moral development which is the slow growth of experience compared and reasoned about, the experiences and reasonings of one age enlarging and clarifying the moral experiences of the next: and the greatest of the great men—even Christ Himself, if He be regarded as simply a human being—has aided in the process, not by merely exhibiting the exceptional beauty and elevation of His own nature, but by showing mankind at large that what in His own nature is realized, exists as a possibility which awaits realization in theirs. He reveals Himself to them in order that He may reveal them to themselves. This view of the matter will, indeed, remain true, even if we accept Christ as the Catholic Church represents Him to us; for the Christian doctrines, even if revealed to man by the Son of God, will none the less be doctrines applicable to man's nature. As such, they will be revelations of what that nature is; and the slow process by which the Church consciously grasped and defined them will correspond with the growing knowledge which men acquired of what they themselves are.

I allude here to the Roman Catholic Church more particularly, because this Church alone possesses a perfected machinery by which Christians, as thought and experience developed their consciousness of their spiritual natures, could compare their feelings and opinions, and eliminating the points as to which they differed, could define and register those as to which they were all agreed; and thus, if we exclude the idea of any supernatural revelation to man, Roman Catholicism is, of all religions, the completest and most logical example of what natural religion is. Dr. Crozier's work seems to me specially valuable, because it represents natural religion, not as the product of the natural reasoning of the individual—of an ideal thinker who is an abstraction, like Rousseau's natural man; but as the historical result of the reasoning of a long succession of individuals, each of whom built on the foundation laid

by his predecessor, and aimed at conclusions which his predecessor never contemplated. It is valuable also—especially to the Catholic apologist—because the co-ordinating power, which Dr. Crozier calls the genius of the world, and whose existence he infers from a purely secular study of history, is practically equivalent to the Holy Spirit, which, according to the Roman theory, directs the Catholic Church, and elicits, by means of her councils, the truths of the Christian faith from the doubts and discussions of men who are individually short-sighted and fallible. Dr. Crozier's view of religious development, however, appears to me to be defective, because he confines his attention to what we may call the professional thinkers and enthusiasts who were exceptional in moral and spiritual elevation, and does not recognize that the practical influence of the thinkers, and of the enthusiasts alike, has been due to, and in exact proportion to, the extent to which their philosophies explained, or their moral fervor touched, instincts, feelings, and sympathies which were common to the masses of mankind.

W. H. MALLOCK.

From *The Contemporary Review*.
THE HOUSE OF BLACKWOOD.¹

Mrs. Oliphant's last work is her best. That combination of masculine judgment with feminine insight which distinguishes her strongest writing, was never more zealously employed with deliberate purpose to do justice to the world-famous firm, whose honor was very dear to her. When only "a slip of a girl" she brought her first aspirations to John Wilson, the editor-apparent of "Maga," and for nearly fifty years after she remained the valued friend, the trusted contributor of its dynasty of publishers.

¹ "William Blackwood and his Sons, their Magazine and Friends," London: Messrs. Blackwood & Sons.

On her death-bed she grieved for the loss of all that the appearance of this book would mean to her—of acknowledgment due to the dead, of misapprehensions cleared, of misstatements refuted, of tangled tales unravelled, of light thrown upon great transactions. Nor did she forget the reward of public interest and appreciation which was her due. "I rest my fame on this book," she said. She labored for six years at the immense mass of material, exploring and sifting conscientiously, unerringly reserving the essential and rejecting the unimportant. Intervals of relief were needed. It is true, during which she employed her flowing pen in various and less strenuous undertakings; but she returned, with always increasing zest, to this her most important work. It will not betray her dying hope. We have long wondered at and sometimes regretted the rapidity with which she gave book after book to the world; but in this there is scarcely a sign of ill-considered haste, and there are innumerable signs of the labor which love lightened, and of the employment of every best faculty, whether critical or historical, in the setting forth of her subject. The result is a contribution of the greatest value to the annals of nineteenth-century literature. We are astonished at the patience which the "House" has displayed in so long reserving its treasures from publication. Old-fashioned honor which fears to wound the living even to the third and fourth generations, has enjoined this prolonged silence, and it has been considered preferable to endure misunderstanding and misrepresentation rather than to offend against its code.

It was the code compiled, if never written, by the founder of the "House." His character determined its status, drew up its charter of liberties and obligations, formulated its relations with authors, contributors and other publishers, with the public, with friends and with foes. As that character was, so the "House" was, continued to be, and is to this day.

From his frugal and diligent boy-

hood, guarded by a good mother from idleness and evil companionship, taking as naturally to reading as did Burns and Scott in those days of growing appreciation for literature, acquiring experience as he read, through his apprenticeship, his graduation in London, where he was initiated into all the finer arts of publication, his establishment in Edinburgh on a modest basis of business with books, dreaming always of the opportunity which was to come for a higher flight, through his sober wooing and happy married life, and through his opportunity at last with all its varied episodes, brilliant, difficult, satisfactory, disappointing, up to his victories and their enduring effects, he remained the same tranquil, strong, humorous, honorable man, with perception, tact and dignity, holding the reins over his own conduct as he was perforce compelled to hold them over that of others.

In the strenuous sequence of events and influences which Mrs. Oliphant narrates, by which the founder assured the stability of his business, we note the dominant masterfulness of his own character, dominant, not domineering, and masterful, because its resources were equal to all emergency. There was no assumption of authority, no masquerade of finality, but always keen and sensitive intelligence, power to impress its conclusions with reason, dignity to make reasonableness convincing. Christian integrity, Christian self-respect, and Christian courage, cheerfulness and culture illuminate his actions and blossom into tenderness, faithfulness, endurance and loyalty at home and in his office.

It is a noble conservatism to maintain a great house of business on the foundation of unyielding integrity and undeviating practice. Independent of fortunes to be snatched from tawdry and temporary taste, untempted into the whirl of realistic, of nauseous, of irreligious writing, its editors and publishers have tested every manuscript by the standard, which always has outlived and always must outlive the caprices of an effervescent sensuous-

ness, of a spasmodic pedantry. Strong, wholesome, breezy literature, with the breath of the moor and the river, with a large and many-sided treatment of humanity as known in the atmosphere of home, of hospitality, of activity, of travel, of valuable experience—not in fetid lazar-houses and in corruption—such has been the contribution of the House of Blackwood to our bookshelves and to our libraries for three-quarters of a century. And such was the purpose of William Blackwood the first.

Two episodes of his career deservedly occupy a large share of the first volume, the brief and noteworthy relations with Scott, and the birth of "Maga." The first of these completes the account given by Lockhart of Scott's proposal. Mr. Blackwood knew the great man already, and had made his home in Newington all the more sacred by receiving him as guest on a very special occasion. Mr. Murray, Byron's publisher, entrusted to him the manuscript of the poet's "Siege of Corinth" and "Parisina" for reading to a knot of carefully chosen men of letters. A dinner was given to do honor to the precious manuscript, and Scott was present. It passed off with *éclat*, Scott complimenting Mrs. Blackwood on her boys as they came in to dessert, a little awed perhaps by his presence, but quickly reassured by that most genial and human of celebrities. The poems were read, and the meeting succeeded in laying the foundations of acquaintance and regard on Scott's side, and of very reasonable pride and expectation on that of his host. The expectation was founded on something more serious than the entertainment. James Ballantyne had been throwing out hints for some time past. By 1815, at the close of which year the dinner was celebrated, Mr. Blackwood had moved into commodious quarters in Princes Street, had begun an alliance with Murray as his agent in Scotland, and was extending on every hand, not only his ordinary business, but its scope and capabilities. Men of letters found their way to his rooms, and his

subsequent staff was gathering from north and south to his neighborhood and intimacy. Ballantyne took note of the shrewd and ambitious character of the man who had so quickly made himself an influence in the world of books. He might prove useful; he might serve as a stimulus to Constable; he might give coin of the realm for their cargo of unsalable literature. And Ballantyne held out a hope, more marketable than his books, that the poet of "Marmion," or the "Great Unknown," or both, might be willing to treat with the "man clothed in plain apparel." That Murray trusted such precious matter to him as Byron's unpublished poems would make a due impression on Mr. Scott, and we find that early in 1816 negotiations began between the Ballantynes and Mr. Blackwood. The latter was at just that stage of his promotion when such an accession was desirable on almost any terms. We can understand, therefore, the scarcely concealed triumph of his letter to John Murray acquainting him in April of James Ballantyne's overtures. Something of this triumph was due to Murray's own exultation in the "copyright" of Lord Byron. The poet had no rival except Scott, and Blackwood must have penned his letter with a fine consciousness of scoring. The book offered was the first of "The Tales of my Landlord," but the others were to follow in due time. The conditions were tremendously in favor of the author and his agents, and appended to them was that terrorizing clause involving the purchase by Blackwood of £600 worth of Ballantyne's stock. That both he and Murray were disposed to close with the proposal at once indicates the imperial character of Scott's prestige. Scott, too, did not endorse all his lieutenant's suggestions. He objected to a permanent sale of the copyright, and permitted only a "bare perusal" of the manuscript at Ballantyne's house. A formal offer, however, was made on April 30, but even after that date it pleased the "go-between" to play his fish a while before he suffered him to

land. Then, by a long and unexplained silence, James managed to brush the fine bloom off the transaction, and Scott himself misunderstood the man with whom he was dealing. Another book, "Letters upon the History of Scotland," had been proposed to Blackwood, and, without a word of explanation, had been transferred to Constable, who advertised it as on the eve of issue. May, June, and July passed without a line from Ballantyne, and Blackwood wrote in much bewilderment to Murray for his advice. At length he wrote to Scott's lieutenant and demanded some definite information with regard to the manuscript now two months belated. He himself had paid already for wagon-loads of that inexhaustible stock, and he was justified in requiring some information as to the book. His letter took effect, and James answered it in a manner all his own, but with the further consequence that about two-thirds of "The Black Dwarf" came to hand three weeks later. The story was most promising, and both Blackwood and Murray were filled with delighted expectation. But the conclusion was inferior, and led to a step on Blackwood's part which, proceeding from his undaunted integrity, proved to be the next element of danger. Apparently the criticisms passed on the story by Gifford, our publishers' reader, urged him to write to Ballantyne, expressing his disappointment, and suggesting a different winding-up. He employed such uncompromising terms that the author waxed furious, and used expressions which Ballantyne had to decompose before forwarding their modified drift to Blackwood.

It is interesting at this point to compare Lockhart's account, justly narrating all the incidents of the matter so far as he knew them, with Mrs. Oilphart's fuller statement. Lockhart gives the text of Scott's explosion with the comment: "I sincerely wish I could tell how Signior Aldiborontiphoscophornio translated (the answer) into any dialect submissible to Blackwood's apprehension." We, half a

century later, are furnished with that translation, so deftly interwoven in the signor's inimitable style with a tolerably valid ground of offence—the author's dislike to a publisher's critic, whom he considered unduly consulted. Then after the storm ensued a calm, in which the "Black Dwarf" came triumphantly to port and attained a fourth edition in short time. There it stayed, the current curiosity being appeased, and while Mr. Blackwood still held twelve hundred copies, and Mr. Murray, his partner in the transaction, some hundreds more, on May 5, 1817, five months after the issue of its first edition, the "Black Dwarf," with a "hey, presto!" appeared in the hands of that able coadjutor of Conjurer Balfantyne, Mr. Archibald Constable, about to offer a fifth edition to a world not yet desirous. Let us lay the blame freely on the "Bounding Brothers;" somehow it must be theirs, for that they threw dust in Scott's honest eyes and made him believe the thing that was not is a matter of history. And he himself adhered to Blackwood's or Gifford's verdict on the "Black Dwarf," deprecating it as "wisely washy enough" in a letter to Mr. Daniel Terry, a fortnight before it was published. We can only share Mrs. Oliphant's regret that he was not from the first in the hands of such men as Blackwood or Murray, and that the personal loyalty which so ennobled him should have also ruined him financially and physically.

The Murray of those days was a lofty gentleman, who gave advice as by divine right. Some of it must have amused Ebony, for already his rooms in Princes Street were a *rendezvous* for the brilliant young men of that time in Edinburgh, and Murray's Olympian recommendations "to cultivate young men of genius" were a little belated. The young men of genius were there *in case* and *in posse*, and were ready for such deeds as befitted their *rôle*. The deeds befell soon enough, for since there was very definite provocation and a political arena bristling with brilliant Whigs more occupied with their own

genius than sensible of that of others, marching there and back again to the pibrochs of Piper Jeffrey, there was occasion enough for derring-do. For the "young men of genius" were Tories one and all, Tories of various sorts, Jacobite and others, but united in a professed and convinced aversion to Whigs—at which who shall wonder? Stimulated by his personal grievance and by Jeffrey's broadcast dragon's-teeth, Mr. Blackwood proposed to measure a field on which the warriors sprung from that sowing should confront the foe. His first adventure was badly captained and had to be recalled. Want of initiative, of humor, of aggression, wrecked the meek and inoffensive *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*.

The "young men of genius" came to the rescue, and from the ashes of the old rose the new "with a shout." The sixty pages describing the birth of "Maga" and the fluttered dove-cotes of Edinburgh and London form one of the most graphic passages in the first of Mrs. Oliphant's volumes. Her vision pierces through the fourscore years, and we see arise the very form and substance of that long past moment. As we read, the virtuous pedantry of three generations of spotless critics collapses. Her story needs no rehearsal here, for all the reading world will read it, and all the others will get snapshots at it from hearsay and extracts, but a reviewer may be permitted a word of complement to its argument. That argument makes out a solid case for the first number of "Maga."

Horseplay with political and other opponents was the note of that time, just as a literature that "something smacked" was the note of our own two years ago. On the whole, the victims enjoyed it and retaliated in kind. If a poet died of it, well—he was not born north of the Tweed, where the sensory nerves are toughly sheathed.

Nor are the push, the blow in the dark, the gibe, the mocking laugh weapons all disused, rusted over and laid up in museum cases, like flint axe and arrow-head, or unholy thumb-screw of the torture-chamber. What

about the omniscient young men who made a name and fame for a weekly a score of years ago, which rested not solely on their literary style, their chastened wit, their academic fastidiousness? Were there raplers, were there bludgeons, in their hands or not? Books were crushed by their invisible hands, books fit and meant for good service. And crushed books involve careers and the well-being of many lives. No one accuses that journal to-day of such prowess. It is no longer written in the Queen's English, and its invective who shall understand? But its past is not forgotten, nor that series of articles on women, which made it the darling of the clubs. Amongst the wits of "Maga," none waged such a warfare, for they were men and gentlemen, and loved their wives and daughters, and honored all womanhood for their sakes. Who can cast a stone at immortal "Maga," living now? In 1817, stones enough were cast, and very naturally, for men lived in the open air in breezy Edinburgh, where the east winds cultivate the temper up to stone-casting; but somehow they have settled into their places as a calm of commemoration.

The truth is that all this dull censure of the bright "Blackwood Group" is mere lack of what made it illustrious. We know what the cat and the hen said to the "ugly duckling." Lockhart could not mew, nor Wilson catch mice—he could catch a clean-run twenty-pounder in the Tweed, though—and neither of them was adapted for laying eggs. But the swans did the ugly duckling reverence at first sight of him, and genius will ever accept with joy both Lockhart and Wilson. So Scott accepted them and laughed at their pranks, and we find him in friendly intercourse with Mr. Blackwood once more. A cry warm from the heart of Mrs. Oliphant's loyalty records this magnanimity. "Whatever record leaps to light," she quotes, "he never shall be shamed." But the magnanimity was not all on Scott's side; a fair instalment of it came from the man who had been so shiftily handled by his lieutenants.

True, some shrewd estimate of his own interests may have mellowed that resentment, but at no time does he ever seem to have confounded the shuffling of the Ballantynes with the intentions of Scott. The literary sovereignty of the time was with Scott; his approval was success, his censure was failure, and the publisher who wisely dealt with that fact in view shrewdly steered his affairs.

Murray's tergiversations, his fears and reproaches, his inflated axioms when he became partner in the magazine, read somewhat farcically now from the man who was proud to give "Don Juan" to the world. Uneasy lay his head these six months, and we feel relieved for the honest and agitated gentleman when Blackwood sent him back his thousand pound cheque. That useful document flourishes in his annals; somehow one expects it to figure on a panel of his escutcheon, or to float on its crest.

But

wrought with weeping and laughter
And fashioned with loathing and love,

the destiny of "Maga" brought it, through good report and bad, home to the heart of Scotland.

The "Noctes Ambrosianæ," which maintained its charm and fame from 1822 onwards—till their authors ceased to invent them, dropping off one by one from the association—find an admirable historian in Mrs. Oliphant. So clear and concise an account of that rare co-operation has not hitherto been penned, doubtless for want of statistics, for the partners gave their riches

with a smile

Like wealthy men who care not how they
give,

and, having "made a Noctes," kept little record of its making. It was Mr. Blackwood who suggested the mock *Symposia*, as a channel in which the contributory coterie could unite their eloquence. To quote from chapter v.:—

It would not seem that these *Symposia* were under any regular system at first, or

subjected to any editorship. When they began, it was frequently Lockhart who was the author, sometimes Maginn (after the advent of that still more unruly contributor); occasionally Hogg had, or was allowed to suppose that he had, a large share in them. Finally, they fell into the hands of Wilson, and it is chiefly his portion of these admirable exchanges of literary criticism and comment which have been preserved and collected. To produce them required many gifts beyond those of the moralist or the critic. A certain amount of creative skill and dramatic instinct, in addition to the flow of wit and power of analysis and analogy, was necessary to one who had to keep up a keen argument single-handed, like a Japanese juggler with his balls, especially when every man who was supposed to speak was a notable man, whose thoughts and diction could both be easily identified; or to carry out all the quips of a prolonged jest, in which the tempers of some of the interlocutors were naturally roused, and free speaking was the rule; while, on the other hand, the number of subjects which had to be touched upon in a monthly commentary upon the doings of the world was very great.

I remember the time when the "Noctes" were still the joy of every genial Scot, and I sometimes wonder whether an age that knows them not can be accounted a literary era at all. The nights were not always located at Ambrose's; one of the most celebrated had its scene at Tibby Shiels's historic howf on St. Mary's Loch.

The passage quoted occurs in the chapter which Mrs. Oliphant devotes to John Gibson Lockhart. Her sketch of the man is fascinating, and in most that is essential corroborates Mr. Lang's greater portrait, which has brought his puzzling personality very near to many of us; but the letters from Lockhart to his friend Mr. Blackwood given in this chapter, supplement, modify, and in some important points correct, his biographer's assumptions on the relations between them. It is impossible to judge of that connection from detached hints. A man of Lockhart's temperament is given to revulsions of feeling and scatters regrets

broadcast at night which he repudiates in the morning. What we learn in this chapter is that a great regard existed between the two friends, which, fretted by petulance on one side, and by insistence on the other, was never so much as intermitted, but endured and deepened while Mr. William Blackwood lived. When the latter moved from Princes Street to his famous quarters at 45 George Street, Mr. Lockhart was the last of the old group to visit the old haunt, and when the founder of the House of Blackwood passed away only four years after that removal, this was Lockhart's tender tribute: "I shall never forget that in your father I found my first efficient friend and helper in life, and must always continue to respect and cherish his memory in the persons of his children, who will, I trust in God, walk in his honorable steps and maintain his well-won name."

And yet we have "Blackwood groups" and other reminiscences, which glorify the "group" and leave out the "Blackwood!" Well, to their efforts peace, for peace is likely to be their portion.

Lockhart's letters are in themselves delightful productions, vigorously phrased, a touch of feminine splutter about their outbreaks. "I return one two beastly books," he says in one; and a little later exclaims, "What cats!" concerning their plagiarizing authors.

These annals of the "House" include its connection with Wilson, Hogg, Maginn, Coleridge, De Quincey and Galt, who are all limned and framed within the limits of their co-operation with the "Founder." They form a series of cabinet portraits for which all lovers of literature will be grateful. Pictures and busts of most of them adorn the "Old Saloon" in George Street; but not till now has an adequate catalogue been supplied. They were simultaneous in the time of their appearing, although Lockhart, Hogg, and Wilson had the start, Maginn joining them five years later. Galt appeared first in 1820, and his contributions were both valuable and steady for many years,

declining with his own health about the time when Mr. Blackwood himself was dying. De Quincey was more desultory in his support of "Maga," but what he wrote belongs to the early twenties, contemporary therefore with its ardent youth. He was a difficult steed to harness, fitful, wayward, forgetful, and the charioteer had his hands full during the few years of their collaboration. But Blackwood was willing to take more than ordinary pains to soothe as well as curb him, for the sake of those surprising articles which are yet amongst the glories of "Maga's" record.

Of John Wilson, that Atlas on whose broad shoulders so much rested, there is store of both new and interesting reminiscence. His moods—ample as his nature—elation, depression, rage, unreasonableness, generosity, loyalty Herculean labor, idleness as vast, eloquence, nobility of stature, gesture and glance all are noted, and build up the very proportions of genius as it was then understood and admired. Genius is always "guy ill to live w!" and does not necessarily esteem the daily duty as of imperative importance, having a larger perspective as to duty than purblind mortals use; but John Wilson was ever honorable to the trust reposed in him, even when above petty considerations of "time and the hour."

Hogg was made of different paste, a commoner clay, but holding a rare and flashing gem, although of intermittent ray, which gleamed in "Kilmeny," in "The Skylark," in stanzas of original "Jacobite Songs." For its sake the others endured his roughness, his forwardness, his egoism and his sulks, and if they teased him now and then, it was always as men tease those they love.

As for Maginn, his career interests us much less, and we wonder now at his fame; but what there is to say of him is briefly, prudently set down, and we must admire the loyalty, beyond considerations of personal profit, comfort, and ease of mind, which characterized Mr. Blackwood's dealings with him. Coleridge's letters add a side-light on

the workings of that wonderful but wayward brain whether excited by some strange fit of self-exaltation, perhaps due to the warmth of praise bestowed upon him, into the attitude of a lofty and dictatorial magnate, or brought down from his high horse into mere ordinary relations, in which he could be as tedious as smaller men. Very seldom do his letters rise above this abounding tediousness; but he gives one curious glimpse into the book-market of that day, complaining—as we have reason to complain in ours—of "the rank crop that have beggared geography to furnish them with distinct names in one volume, or two, or three, besides annuals and monthlies and weeklies, that even novelty itself seems flat, and curiosity turns yellow at the sight of a Hungarian or a Californian tale, as an alderman under the horrors of surfeit might be supposed to do at a Scotch haggis steaming up against him." This letter bore the Highgate post-mark, and was dated May 15, 1830.

John Galt's portrait is admirable. Mrs. Oliphant places him in the "Group" and in literature with that unhesitating sense of his position in both which marks the born critic.

As she suggests, and as has already been recognized by modern critics, Galt was the founder of the "Kall-yard" school, although Doctor Moir's "Mansie Waugh" claims association in the new departure. "We do not compare," she says, "any of the recent exponents of the native farmer, clodhopper, or shepherd, from his own point of view, with Scott; but we do compare them with Galt, although with reservations, seeing that he is their originator and the chief of their tribe."

The "reservations" are just on other grounds, for Galt lived amongst the characters which he reproduces, and knew by contact, and not by hearsay and folio-fingering, their fashions, standards, and humors. "The Annals of the Parish" and the "Ayrshire Legatees" appeared in "Maga" in 1820 and 1821, and the tie between publisher and contributor was enduring, and not so

subject to strain as that with the more self-conscious and exacting geniuses. But with these Mr. Blackwood knew how to assert his authority, reminding them of their promises, expecting them to do honor to themselves in their work. It is somewhat sad and somewhat comic to note how much more alert in respect of fees the geniuses proved to be than the more modest men of talent. In this respect Wilson and Lockhart stand out blameless. They were the very pillars of the magazine and amply acknowledged Blackwood's gratitude and generosity. But when we find Coleridge requiring "a deviation of consequence from your common price," and De Quincey often behindhand with his manuscript and often beforehand with his plea for payment, accounting himself, too, the Atlas of "Maga," we feel the pathos of that odd and sordid over-estimate of its own value common to genius unweighed by judgment. Again and again the publisher had to rouse De Quincey's sense of duty; again and again he had to pardon his long-winded apologies and to supply his elaborately detailed necessities.

An outer circle of lesser lights is more briefly surveyed. Their connection with "Maga" was fitful rather than regular, and, with the exception of Mrs. Hemans, Doctor Croly and Mr. Gleig, they are not interesting to us now. The last has a peculiar claim. In 1826 his book, "The Subaltern," admired by the Duke of Wellington, was published in "Maga," and in 1886, sixty years later, his work was still acceptable in its columns. In a letter from that lively factotum, Alaric Watts, who seemed to effervesce with commercial suggestiveness, there is a bit of gossip about the "young D'Israeli," not all unpalatable yet:—

Murray was much pleased with the philip (*sic*) at young D'Israeli in the "Noctes" a month or two ago. This fellow has humbugged him most completely. After the tricks of which he has been guilty, he will scarcely dare show his face in London again for some time. You are aware, I dare say, that "Vivian

Grey" was palmed off upon Colburn by Mrs. Austin, the wife of the Honorable Mr. Warde's (*sic*) lawyer, as the production of the author of "Tremaine!" and upon this understanding Colburn gave three times as much as he would otherwise have done.

Doubtless the gossip did not lose in the newsmonger's hands; his opinion of D'Israeli's courage did scant justice to its quality.

The founding of both *Spectator* and *Athenaeum* are duly noted by Mr. Blackwood's correspondents, the former, too, with meet appreciation from Mrs. Oliphant, who closes her first volume with a characteristic comment on these piles of letters.

The enormous correspondence of these busy and active years is as like as anything can be to the flutter of a large and changing company in an open and liberal house. The dusty leaves thrill when the strings are untied and the covers taken off, with a sensation of life and talk and human movement, every man concerned most with his own matters, notwithstanding the social murmur of many voices together, recounting his own doings, making his private appeal for support, for sympathy, for pardon—for every sentiment is involved. Occasionally we find praises and applauses on one side, gradually growing milder, dying away altogether; and enthusiasms of trust on the other, scarcely moved by the first gentle rejection or postponement, but developing by degrees into a sense of neglect and gradual alienation. One friend drops into the shadows here and there; another comes to the front and takes his place. It is an epitome of the course of life.

Volume II. begins by diverging from the magazine to review the books which were published during those years by Mr. Blackwood, in most cases in partnership with Murray. The romance of "Pen Owen" interests us rather for the mystery of its production than for its own merits, in which, however, the publisher firmly believed, supported for once by Mrs. Blackwood, whose verdict upon authors and their works was seldom favorable. She felt, it may be unconsciously, the need of

throwing a little cold water on the whole maddening tribe and their doings, over which her husband was so often unreasonably enthusiastic, with the piper to pay in due course.

But not yet was the "House" in the full swim of production. Its chief output was of works re-issued after appearance in the magazine and we have still to come to the great writers whose fame is bound up with its own.

A new recruit appeared on the stage of "Maga" in 1830. This was Samuel Warren, whose "Diary of a Physician" made matter for a town's talk, and whose later performance, "Ten Thousand a Year," pleased that generation vastly. Indeed, his books had merit, although both their tragedy and comedy were far-fetched and grotesque. In either kind Dickens struck similar chords, but he is an immortal, and Warren was for his own day. His vanity was on a par with his renown. It was said, perhaps fabled, fifty years ago, that he promoted conversation with the artless query, "Have you read 'Ten Thousand a Year'?" He missed his mark with Thackeray, who smiled fatuously and answered: "Oh, I am so glad you like it; in confidence, my dear fellow, I wrote it." The book shed lustre on his children too, and one of them was wont to explain himself as son of "Ten Thousand a Year," which reminds us of Mrs. Ferrier's "daughter of the statue in Princes Street, you know," when she found that her name and address did not sufficiently identify her.

The next chapter takes us out of the Babel of voices and away from the "contradiction of sinners generally" to the home in Salisbury Road. The boys whom Scott had praised were growing up. The eldest had been for some time in London learning his business. The third, William, had got his commission, and was in India. For eight years, from 1826 to 1834, the anxious and most dutiful father wrote letters to this exile, so full of detail, in spite of the pressure of his daily life, that they arouse our wonder. But they have qualities more valuable than even that, welcome as

the full chronicle must have been to his soldier son, for they evidence not only a true fatherly solicitude about his career and his well-being, but an anxiety of the tenderest and deepest character about his inner and spiritual life. They are beautiful letters, touched with the light that cometh from above. It was shining more and more, perhaps, in himself, as the time drew near when this brave, upright, and lovable man was to be taken from the vortex of business and the peace of home. In 1830 he had transferred his business quarters to George Street, his home to Ainslie Place, and it was at this home that he died on September 16, 1834, after an illness of some length, from which in those days there was no beneficent Keith or Annandale to rescue him.

His monument is the publishing House of Blackwood, for there his virtues abide, not "writ in water."

The business and the magazine were left to two capable sons, Alexander and Robert, who together constituted not merely the firm in George Street, but the head of the house in Great Stuart Street, whither Mrs. Blackwood removed. Alexander was the literary and Robert the business partner. "Maga" was still their chief concern, and, to its support for the first months, Professor Wilson brought all the prestige of his name and work. When a few numbers were brilliantly launched, he was able to relax his toil and leave the columns open to numerous contributors proud to add their names to his. His was always the favorite, however, both outside the office and within its walls, and Mrs. Oliphant tells how a loyal compositor slipped in "Wilson" after "Homer, Dante and Shakespeare" in setting up Mr. W. Savage Landor's "Imaginary Conversation between Southey and Porson." The poet raged, and "Wilson" was blotted out, but the wonder is, in those days of adoration for Christopher North, that his name was put after, and not before, the others.

Mrs. Oliphant's apology for poor Branwell Brontë and his pleading for recognition gives a sacred interest to

the pages devoted to him. At last he has a hearing, and his passionate faith in his own powers may suffer pathetic comparison with quotations from the rambling rhymes which they achieved. But there may have been a spark from heaven in him, quenched and trampled out by himself and his unhappy fortunes.

The younger Blackwoods moved one by one from home into the careers chosen or offered, the elder brothers acting *in loco parentis* with affectionate care and authority. Alexander was an invalid and had to go abroad for long periods, from which he returned able for work, but year by year less robust, so that his presence in the "House" lasted only eleven years after the "founder's" death. He died in March, 1845, making for the moment a breach in the management, which it seemed impossible to fill up. For he had inherited all the sweetness and patience which characterized his father, and had, too, his innate sense of what was best in literature, a gift cultivated by his training, surroundings, and experience.

During his superintendence of the magazine, it had a steady flow of excellent support, Mr. James White, John Sterling, Sir Archibald Alison, Samuel Warren, "Tom of Ingoldsby," the Hardmans, Samuel Phillips, J. F. Murray, Mrs. Gore, Mr. Grove, the late justice, then a young lawyer, Bulwer Lytton, and others, keeping up its reputation for original articles, as well as for solid information in many kinds, from headquarters in each. Wilson, too, although released by advancing years the task of constant support, sent an article now and then at his own pleasure, most welcome his of any, always illumined with the brilliant and sunny humors of his genius.

Important books increased on the publishing lists, none more so than Sir Archibald Alison's "History of Europe," the success of which, many-volumed and ponderous, was "extraordinary." Readers of that day were not yet accustomed to the brilliant presentation of national growth and international relations, which began with

Gibbon, but was not domesticated till Macaulay ratified the new order, one which in our own day has enrolled so many illustrious names—Froude, Green, Stubbs, Lecky, Gardiner—so that the rhetorical style and pompous commonplace of numerous passages were accounted proper to Alison's majestic subject, his courage and industry receiving a recognition which would now be granted only to patient and accurate research, with penetration to the principles which underlie every national vicissitude. "It is beautiful," wrote John Blackwood from London, "to see the way in which Alison keeps moving off. It seemed as if about twenty people said to themselves every week, 'Let's have a set.'"

There was no division of counsels in the partnership, which death dissolved in 1845. Its union was complete on all matters, literary, commercial, domestic; and when the younger brother John was associated with the "House," as "Branch" in London, the same implicit bond of mutual respect, consideration and assistance was maintained. This important step was taken in 1840, after the death of Mr. Cadell, the London agent. John had completed his apprenticeship and was twenty-two years old. A keen business faculty was already apparent in his suggestions, and his opinions were valuable to the brothers. "The more I see of Johnnie," wrote Robert from town, "the more am I satisfied with his prudence, and the confidence I would place in him is unbounded."

They decided to take premises in London, where he could be installed as partner, and these were found at 22 Pall Mall. There the young publisher began his reign, with a clerk and a porter for administrative purposes. Lockhart took an affectionate interest in his new departure, and called the rooms "Chapel of Ease to the Carlton."

In the same year we find that Thackeray was rejected as a contributor to "Maga." He offered a series of papers, nondescript, but to contain "as much fun and satire as I can muster, literary lath and criticisms of a spicy nature,

and general gossip." But his bait did not tempt the brothers, a certain Bohemianism in the rather careless letter, perhaps, prejudicing them against the writer, who showed in it no indication of his power.

A glimpse of Mr. Gladstone as Tory writing a series of letters to the *Morning Post* and republishing them in pamphlet form is interesting. John Blackwood issued the booklet, revising the proofs with the author, whom he liked much better than he expected.

I have no space for numerous details in the conduct of "Maga" and the vicissitudes of its staff, curious although these are. But the constant reappearance of Lockhart in the story is always of supreme interest. His loyal friendship never failed the sons of Mr. William Blackwood, and we find the youthful "Branch" in the attitude of confidant to his grievances, concerning which Lockhart was in the humor to make a "Noctes." But better counsels prevailed, although "Maga" lost a rousing article. John's letters to his brothers are full of racy news respecting authors, artists, and rival publishers, and his sale lists are most entertaining. Pirated editions occupied the minds of the old publishing firms, and Mr. Gladstone was expected to "get something effectual done about them." "The American pirate," writes Mrs. Oliphant, "who has given us all so much trouble, was, it would appear, just beginning to make his depredations felt in those days. The French one they had apparently succeeded in silencing, as we hear of him no more." But there is reason to fear that some of the craft were supporting the "pirate," and launching him on his iniquitous career. The rivalries of that day appear in hints, anecdotes, and unvarnished abuse in "Johnnie's" letters, which are very good reading. Here is an extract:—

Colburn's last feat in the art of puffing a book (viz., by causing Colonel Davidson to have him up at the police-court for the return of his manuscript, and then publishing the book within three days) has excited the admiration and envy of the

whole trade. I thought Dickinson would have died on the spot when I told him of it; he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. He thinks Bentley will commit suicide, from vexation that the master-thought had not occurred to him first.

"Johnnie's" criticisms on literature are delightful. "I have got the whole of Bulwer" ("Schiller") "in type at last. It is, I think, an interesting memoir; there is too much of that inflated nonsense about 'mind' and 'ideal,' which seems inseparable from all writers on German matters."

"Maga" was celebrated then as now for its short stories. Modern commentators on the "short story" would give us reason to believe that it came into the world with this fag end of our century, but some of us have never accepted that dictum. Mrs. Gore was a writer both of the long and the short story in 1844. "I dare say you know," she said to John Blackwood, "we poor scribblers do not prefer them, as they take twice as much out of us as common tale-spinning."

The home-life in Edinburgh was now recruited and refreshed by the arrival of Captain Blackwood's two little sons from India. They found an adoring circle of aunts and uncles in Great Stuart Street, amongst whom Alexander Blackwood was the most beloved. Little Willie, now head of the house of Blackwood, was deeply attached to this uncle, and to some of us who know him well it is easy to understand the special tie between these two. For the character of the older man is reproduced in the "head" of to-day, the type bequeathed by the founder.

Alexander Blackwood died when Willie was nine years old, but is still freshly remembered. After his death the London premises were changed from Pall Mall to Paternoster Row, where they are still. Mr. Langford was put in charge, while John returned to Edinburgh to take the vacant place. He paid many business visits to London, which the railway had brought to about twelve hours' distance, and where his familiarity with all centres

of those interests which affected the firm made his frequent presence necessary. The political guidance of "Maga" was one of these interests, and we find him absorbed with Sir Robert Peel and the Corn Laws in January, 1846.

Robert Blackwood never rightly recovered from the shock of his brother's death. His own health began to decline in 1847; two years later he withdrew from active work, and in 1852 he died. It was decided in 1847 to ask Captain Blackwood to retire from the army, and to take up his residence in Edinburgh as one of the firm. This plan, with due deliberation and some delay, was carried out, and William Blackwood, the second, arrived in 1848 to take his due position in the business after some necessary respite. The premises had just been greatly enlarged by the addition of a complete printing establishment. The years from 1849 to 1861 are therefore occupied by the annals of a new partnership, that of John and William Blackwood.

During these twelve years events of great importance succeeded each other. Not only did "The Caxtons," "My Novel," and "What will He do with it?" appear in "Maga," but they were published in three or four volume form as the "Caxton Series." William Edmonstone Aytoun made one of a new "Blackwood group," romantic, humorous, poetical, not averse to being political as occasion required. Mr. George Henry Lewes became a contributor, and introduced to the firm that woman of genius, his wife, so long known to the world as "George Eliot." And this event shed most lustre on the "House." "The Sad Fortunes of Amos Barton" began the wonderful succession of her works towards the end of 1856. "It awakened the world to enthusiasm. Already the signs of a great success were in the air, such as experienced watchers of public opinion could not fail to perceive." "Maga" was the medium of her first success, but her very *nom-de-plume* was as yet unknown to its editor. Not till "Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story" began to appear

did she confess to the name of "George Elliot," and three further years elapsed before her true personality was made known. With "Adam Bede" her rank in public estimation rose to the height which she so magnificently maintained, and its success led to a claim of authorship by an impostor called Joseph Liggins, which obliged her to disclose her true name and identity. The letters which passed between her and her publisher indicate much that was characteristic of that sensitive, modest, and clear-headed woman.

But other great names belong to this and the immediately succeeding period. Sir Theodore Martin's delightful collaboration with Aytoun in the "Bon Gaultier Ballads," Mr. Kinglake's "War in the Crimea," Captain Hamley's first appearance in "Maga," and—pathetic in its interest to us now—Mrs. Oliphant's own introduction to the "House," and the commencement of her long and much valued connection with "Maga," all belong to the years between 1850 and 1862. These were the members of the second "Blackwood group," and many are their relics and associations, prized to this day in the "Old Saloon." All, except the veteran Sir Theodore, have passed away, and we read the personal reminiscences which Mrs. Oliphant interweaves with the last records in these volumes in softened and regretful mood. Only one allusion gives us pause. It occurs in the pages which refer to the late Mr. Charles Mudie, the great librarian. We cannot subscribe to an estimate of his services based upon an imperfect understanding of his character and aims. He was much more than a "very energetic, very brisk, and enterprising man, attached to the Dissenting interest, and with a curious understanding of the ocean of middle class and unlettered readers." One gathers that the "Dissenting interest" is something quite outside the haunts of learning and letters. But Mr. Mudie, a large-minded gentleman, learned, well-mannered and sympathetic, took infinite delight in true literature and if he knew the "middle classes," well, it was

rather what they needed than what they liked that he understood, so that he labored to bring into their homes all that was best in current literature. It seems to us that we have found his books in houses that scorn to be called middle-class, and if he has raised to the ranks of culture a fair proportion of middle-class men and women, he has a reward in the success of that noble endeavor far greater than mere fortune, which he never more than moderately attained.

We must close these volumes with welcome expectation of a third to follow, fresh from the pen so lately laid aside, and with congratulations to the "House of Blackwood," which has dedicated them to Mrs. Oliphant, and whose preface tells in so seemly a manner just what is due to us of the grounds of publication.

A. M. STODDART.

From The Athenæum.
MRS. BROWNING'S LETTERS.¹

These two closely printed volumes contain "a selection from a large mass of letters, written at all periods in Mrs. Browning's life, which Mr. Browning, after his wife's death, reclaimed from the friends to whom they had been written, or from their representatives." A few passages had already been quoted by Mrs. Sutherland Orr in her "Life of Browning," otherwise they are absolutely new material, and it is not too much to say that they are the first adequate contribution which has been made to a real knowledge of Mrs. Browning. The two volumes of letters to R. H. Horne, published in 1877, have indeed a distinct value of their own, but a value, after all, only partial. Those letters were written mostly between 1839 and 1845, that is to say while the writer was still Miss Barrett. They are concerned exclusively with literary questions, and with literary

¹ "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning." Edited by F. G. Kenyon. 2 vols. Smith, Elder & Co.

questions more particularly interesting to her correspondent than to herself; and that correspondent, it must be remembered, was personally unknown to her. Within their limits they are full of interest, and they contain, here and there, passages of exquisite and subtle criticism, sometimes expressed with a sort of earnest brilliance, as, for instance, the description of Sappho, "who broke off a fragment of her soul to be guessed by—as creation did by its fossils." In actual literary criticism they are perhaps richer than the letters of the same period contained in the collection edited by Mr. Kenyon. But the inestimable value of this new collection is that it contains not merely interesting critical writing, but the intimate expression of a personality, from the time when, at twenty-eight, she writes on one page,

I have been reading the Bridgewater treatise, and am now trying to understand Prout upon chemistry. I shall be worth something at last, shall I not?

and on the next,

We have had a crowded Bible meeting, and a Church Missionary and London Missionary meeting besides,

to the time, twenty-seven years later, when the last letter, written in Florence, cries, "May God save Italy!" Here are letters written to the closest friends of every period: Mr. Boyd, the "dear Grecian" who gave her the "wine of Cyprus," Miss Mitford and Mrs. Jameson later on, Miss Browning still later, Mrs. Martin throughout, and Mr. Kenyon almost throughout, with letters to Chorley, Ruskin, and other less intimate friends, all written with the same beautiful sincerity of feeling, the same delicate frankness, the same womanly mind and heart. And what is perhaps more notable in them than any other single characteristic is their affectionateness. They are the most affectionate letters ever written: almost every correspondent is a "dearest," or "very dear," or "ever dear" friend; to almost every correspondent

is she "ever affectionately yours." And yet no letters could be more free from that feminine quality which so often goes with this warmth of adjective: the quality of gush. She convinces you, every time that she uses a loving word, that she means precisely what she says, and that therefore she says it, quietly, because it is meant. "I am stupid perhaps," she writes to Mr. Ruskin, "but for my life I never could help being grateful to the people who loved me, even if they happened to say, 'I can't help it, not I!'" At the end of her life, when she is tired in heart with many disappointments, she writes to a young friend, in one of her few bitter moments:—

I congratulate you on liking anybody better. That's pleasant for you, at any rate. My changes are always the other way. I begin by seeing the beautiful in most people, and then comes the disillusion. It isn't caprice or unsteadiness; oh no, it's merely *fate*, *My fate*, I mean. Alas, my bubbles, my bubbles!

But hers, indeed, were the eyes which can see the after-image of the bubble glittering under closed eyelids, long after that radiant life of a moment has melted into air. Such, and so pathetically seen in these pages, was her unswerving belief in Napoleon III., and in the yet more illusory good faith of the "rapping" spirits. And it is this same attitude of mind which imparts their extraordinary evenness to all these letters. Full of individual sympathy as she is, she writes to every one, not only from the same brain, but from the same heart. It never occurs to her to limit or restrain whatever feeling breathes within her as she writes. Always without self-consciousness, she speaks on and on, and we listen, as if a low-voiced woman, sitting in the evening by a fireside, turned now to one friend, now to another, smiling and speaking as if one were not better or dearer to her than another.

But let us look into these letters, so much "what letters ought to be—her own talk upon paper" (it is she who

says it of Miss Mitford), trying to see something of the personality of whose growth they are so unconscious a witness. And these letters fall at once into two groups: the letters before her marriage and the letters after. It is difficult, yet not after all impossible, to realize that she was forty years of age at the time of her marriage. Up to then her letters are the letters of a girl, of a girl of genius, a learned lady, indeed, but always a girl. Then, suddenly, she is a woman, and she has dropped, as she crosses the Channel on that perilous, wise undertaking, all that was a weight in her learning and all that was unripe in her sentiment. The very way in which she takes suffering, so constantly her companion, is quite different; her very evasions of that fellow traveller, or guide perhaps, are new. First it was Greek, and Greek (one realizes more clearly than ever) was but one of those occupations which are the equivalent of narcotics. "You know," she answers a question from Mr. Boyd in 1842.

I have gone through every line of the three tragedians long ago, in the way of regular, consecutive reading. You know also that I had at different times read different dialogues of Plato; but when, three years ago, and a few months previous to my leaving home, I became possessed of a complete edition of his works, edited by Bekker, why then I began with the first volume and went through the whole of his writings, both those I knew and those I did not know, one after another, and have at this time read, not only all that is properly attributed to Plato, but even those dialogues and epistles which pass falsely under his name—everything except two books I think, or three, of the treatise "De Legibus," which I shall finish in a week or two.

This comes between news of "a carriage, a patent carriage with a bed in it, and set upon some hundreds of springs . . . on its road down to me" at Torquay, and a reflection:—

That life is short and art long appears to us more true than usual when we lie

all day long on a sofa and are as frightened of the east wind as if it were a tiger.

It was under such conditions as these, then, and under the influence of a friend apparently so charming, unreasonable, and persistent as Mr. Boyd, that the Greek studies, which went to the making of the essays on Greek Christian poets, published in these columns, and the translation of the "Prometheus," were carried on. That they should have alternated with the reading of innumerable novels, in the intervals of creative work, was thus much of the nature of an accident, with which actual personal choice had but little to do. Æschylus and Gregory Nazianzen were but a substitute—the best at hand—for Browning and Italy. When Browning and Italy came, Greek went; there is scarcely a reference to it in any subsequent letter. It meant less to her, indeed, than it does to most people, for from the first, though she was not at first aware of it, in her strangely protracted girlhood, it was the emotional, and, in an emotional sense, the moral aspects of things which appealed to her.

All this while, certainly, she was writing some of her finest poetry, as well as "getting deeper and deeper into correspondence with Robert Browning, poet and mystic, and we are growing to be the truest of friends." And we see that as early as 1844 she had conceived the idea of some day writing

a poem comprehending the aspect and manners of modern life, and flinching at nothing of the conventional. . . . Now I do think that a true poetical novel—modern, and on the level of the manners of the day—might be as good a poem as any other, and much more popular besides.

She looks around her, too, and sees in Tennyson "one of God's singers, whether he knows it or does not know it;" and at a very early date has met Wordsworth and Landor, and "*felt* the difference between great genius and eminent talent." Poetry is always the supreme thing to her, and seen clearly to be her life's work. But there is—

now, as later—singularly little theory in respect to it, with singularly little sense of that labor which is art. For poetry always was to her, not an art, but a mission. In one of her latest letters she defines, for the first time, and with precise accuracy, her own conception of what it should be. "I have written," she says to Mr. Chorley,

not to please you or any critic, but the deepest truth out of my own heart and head. I don't dream and make a poem of it. Art is not either all beauty or all use, it is essential truth which makes its way through beauty into use.

This is a beautiful and, in its way, an admirable definition. But by its enthronement of "truth" above beauty she is leaving room for all that intrusion of minor, temporary, and distracting questions which has done so much to damage her own verse. It is true that she says "essential truth;" but what is "essential truth"? Surely, after all, one's own conception of truth; and how variable and uncertain that may be, in the heart of so womanly a woman, every reader of her poems knows. Of poetry as vision and of poetry as the art of verse she seems to have been but little aware. "Thought out coldly, then felt upon warmly," she says of her attitude towards "the facts of things." But no; every line of these letters shows how impossible it was for her to think coldly, to think without interpenetrating thought with feeling. It was more her loss that, as she says, "I don't dream." Never for a moment did she feel impersonally toward the art of poetry. And here we find at once her merit and her limitation.

The letter of eleven pages (vol. I., p. 286) written to Mrs. Martin from Pisa immediately after her marriage tells, for the first time quite adequately, the whole story of that best-considered of runaway marriages. This letter, invaluable in its revelation of all that was strongest in mind, frailest in body, and most sensitive in temperament, in its writer, full of nobility, tenderness,

practical wisdom, cannot be quoted from without injustice: it must be read as a whole. And now, after this narrative, bridging the gulf between the old life and the new, begins the record of the new life; and, as has been said, the learned young lady of the earlier letters disappears, leaving the woman who looks round her in the world. At once the outer world comes into the picture, and, what she has "neither seen nor imagined the like of in any way," the Duomo at Florence: "teselated marbles (the green treading its elaborate pattern into the dim yellow, which seems the general hue of the structure) climb against the sky, self-crowned with that prodigy of marble domes." Soon she has recognized, by the thrill with which she finds it, that her real home and fatherland is Italy; and the old love of France—a literary love, dating from the time when she "used to be ministered to through the prison bars by Balzac, George Sand, and the like immortal improprieties"—becomes actual in the delight of Paris, the sympathy with French politics, and later on the longed-for meeting with George Sand:—

And now, am I to tell you that I have seen George Sand twice, and am to see her again? Ah, there is no time to tell you, for I must shut up this letter. She sate, like a priestess, the other morning in a circle of eight or nine men, giving no oracles, except with her splendid eyes, and warming her feet quietly, in a general silence of the most profound deference. There was something in the calm disdain of it which pleased me, and struck me as characteristic. She was George Sand, that was enough: you wanted no proof of it.

She is at home in France at once, and almost her first comment is:—

The clash of speculative opinion is dreadful here, practical men catch at the ideal as if it were a loaf of bread, and they literally set about cutting out their Romeos "into little stars," as if that were the most natural thing in the world.

She goes to see the "Dame aux

Camélias" on its fiftieth night, and here is her acute, characteristic comment:—

I disagree with the common outcry about its immorality. According to my view it is moral and human. But I never will go to see it again, for it almost broke my heart and split my head. I had a headache afterwards for twenty-four hours. Even Robert, who gives himself out for *blasé* on dramatic matters, couldn't keep the tears from rolling down his cheeks. The exquisite acting, the too literal truth to nature everywhere, was *exasperating*—there was something profane in such familiar handling of life and death. Art has no business with real graveclothes when she wants tragic drapery—has she? It was too much altogether like a bull fight.

Nothing shows us more clearly, in a single glimpse, the morbid sensibility ("I cried so that I was ill for two days," she writes to another correspondent) and at the same time the clear consciousness of things as they were which underlay that sensibility, neither having the least command over the other. Emotion in her was a kind of uncontrollable physical instinct, in which she paid her tax to humanity as heavily as the weakest of her sex. Scarcely before reading these letters, in which "And this time also I shall not die, perhaps," is almost her most emphatic sense of safety, could any one have properly realized how far her over-abandonment to emotion in her poems is a mere question of physical condition, from whose influence not the bravest soul in the world could escape. She was not, she could not be, one of those deep, secret, all but silent natures (like Christina Rossetti) in whom the heart, when it is hurt, does not cry; the tears had to come, and how often were they "tears of perfect moan!"

All through these letters, unchanging as they are in that deep moral earnestness to which a fitting sense of humor gives daily currency, there is a steady growth in intellect, in clearness of mind—a growth, as she calls it, "of

soul." And so it is that the finest sayings come comparatively late, and get finer and finer to the end. Of her spiritualistic fancies she says:—

You know I am rather a visionary, and inclined to knock round at all the doors of the present world to try to get out, so that I listen with respect to every goblin story of the kind.

Of Miss Mitford she says:—

She made mistakes one couldn't help smiling at, till one grew serious to adore her for it.

"Yes," she writes,

there are terrible costs in this world. We get knowledge by losing what we hoped for, and liberty by losing what we loved.

And again:—

Death is a face-to-face intimacy; age, a thickening of the mortal mask between souls.

But it should not be forgotten that this correspondence throws light, not only on the personality of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, but on the more difficult personality of Robert Browning as well. Her comments on him are at times of real critical value, as when she says "it is his way to see things as passionately as other people feel them." All that we read about Balzac and Stendhal and George Sand is a real addition to our knowledge of Browning. The child's remark:—

I shall read all Dumas's [novels], to begin with. And then I shall like to read papa's favorite book, "Madame Bovary;"

everything about Landor, and especially "Robert always said that he owed more as a writer to Landor than to any contemporary;" the account of Browning working at drawing and modelling because "he can't rest from serious work in light literature, as I can;" and pp. 434-6 of the second volume, written to Miss Browning, with their minute analysis: all these, and many other illuminating touches, are not the least interesting or important passages in the book. And, more than all, the picture which every page, from

the year 1846 onwards, helps unconsciously to paint, the picture of a "marriage of true minds" unique in the history of men and women of genius; that is perhaps the most delightful gift to us in these varied and fascinating volumes.

From The London Quarterly Review.
THE FIN-DE-SIÈCLE WOMAN.¹

It might not be easy to find two more suggestive pieces of evidence as to the character of that remarkable product of the dying nineteenth century, the "New Woman Movement," than are supplied by these two books, widely different as they are in spirit, intention, and execution, which have been put forth in the same year by one English authoress and by a handful of American women. There may be some difficulty in preserving proper judicial gravity in dealing with some of these witnesses, but it will be worth while to bring out the real significance of their utterances, and to consider what promise or what peril for the future is involved in the mental attitude indicated.

It is possible to take Miss Chapman seriously. She writes at once with moderation and with earnestness; there is dignity in the self-restraint of her style, and the moral purpose evident in most of the essays collected in her present volume is worthy of all honor. Such praise can hardly be accorded even to the one or two among the fair Transatlantic critics of the Pentateuch who may be credited with some glimmerings of common sense, some religious reverence, and some appreciation of the enormous difficulties of the enterprise they have been induced to share. The general tone of the queer production for which they

¹ "Marriage Questions in Modern Fiction, and Other Essays on Kindred Subjects." By Elizabeth Rachel Chapman. London and New York: John Lane. 1897.

² "The Woman's Bible." Part I. The Pentateuch. Sydney L. Oliff, London: The Phoenix Press.

are responsible is such as to make it surprising and refreshing when "Ursula N. Gestefeld" warns her partners in the "Woman's Bible" not to "split on the rock" of an exclusively feminine Bible in avoiding "the whirlpool" of an exclusively masculine Bible. "This would separate what is *intensely joined together*" (phrase only too characteristic), "and would defeat the end desired. The book," adds this most conservative of the commentators, "is the soul's guide in the fulfilling of its destiny. . . . The soul, in sleep, is sexless. Its faculties and powers are differentiated, are masculine and feminine." We have in these words one of the least absurd deliverances to be found in a wilderness of some hundred and forty pages, pervaded by the intention of "revising those texts and chapters directly referring to women, and those also in which women are made prominent by exclusion," and so correcting the sacred writers as to confute the misguided persons who cite them in opposition to the New Woman's claim, not of absolute and universal equality with man simply—that is a small matter—but of superiority to him in almost every respect. The lady who has initiated and who controls this enterprise, "Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton," leaves us in no doubt as to her own aim. It is to destroy, as far as possible, the lingering reverence for Scriptural authority in the minds of her sister-women. Unacquainted with the history of Christianity as an enfranchising and elevating power, she ranks it indiscriminately with other religions, and asserts that all, without exception, degrade woman; while she accepts any of them "her emancipation is impossible." With unscrupulous ingenuity, which would be formidable if its results were less preposterous, she perverts the meaning of every casual reference to the Israelitish woman, and then announces her disbelief in the inspired character of the book where they are found. "I do not believe," she says, "that God inspired the Mosaic code, or told the historians what they say He did about woman," the reason she gives being that these

authorities do not harmonize with the views of the American emancipated female. Happily this champion's logic, intelligence, and information are on a par with her modesty, and her style of reasoning goes far to justify that Shakespearean saying which Miss Chapman finds so unjust and so unworthy of a sovereign poet:—

I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Mrs. Stanton's are "woman's reasons" of this very description, hardly to be surpassed as such in any literature. It is an irresistible temptation to gather a few of the fine flowers of bad taste and of unconscious humor from her pages, where they bloom so profusely.

Her first effort towards "revising" Scripture in the interests of the New Woman astonishes by its modesty. It is only a remodelling of the doctrine of the Trinity, and a suggestion of a new object of worship. The words "God said, Let Us make man in Our image. . . . God created man in His own image; in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them;" are irrefragable evidence to Mrs. Stanton of duality, not trinity, in the Godhead, and of the eternal co-existence of the feminine with the masculine element in the Divinity, "equal in power and glory."

"The Heavenly Father and Mother!" she exclaims rapturously:—

"God created man in His own image, male and female." Thus Scripture, as well as science and philosophy, declares the eternity and equality of sex. . . . The first step in the elevation of woman to her true position, as an equal factor in human progress, is the cultivation of the religious sentiment in regard to her dignity and equality, the recognition by the rising generation of an ideal Heavenly Mother, to whom their prayers should be addressed, as well as to a Father.

This reformer's extensive acquaintance with the history of religions, and thorough marshalling of all the facts bearing on her case, could hardly be better exemplified than in this passage,

so totally ignoring the fact that its "first step in the elevation of woman" was taken long ages ago; that during many generations a large section of Christendom has been rendering homage, deepening into absolute adoration, to a "Heavenly Mother" who has usurped the place of the Heavenly Father and the Divine Redeemer; no appreciable betterment in the condition of women resulting in the lands where this cult prevails—where, indeed, womanhood is held cheaper than among nations that have not elevated a woman to the throne of divine worship. It would be too much to expect that a writer—who appears unaware of the existence of any other Semitic race besides Israel, and who regards universal Oriental usages and opinions as being Jewish peculiarities directly traceable to Jewish religious belief—should be acquainted with the nature and extent of goddess-worship in heathendom, ancient and modern, and the precise amount of amelioration thereby imported into the suffering lot of non-Christian women.

She might, however, have such a working acquaintance with her mother tongue as should save her from talking of the "paucity" when she means the "poverty" of a language, and such a respect for ordinary accuracy as would forbid her describing "the Jews" as "making a God in their own image, *who approved of whatever they did*," a statement which irresistibly suggests that its author is now studying the Scriptures for the first time and has not yet reached the prophetic books, despite her patronizing remark that "parts of the Bible are so true, so grand, so beautiful, that it is a pity *it (sic)* should have been bound in the same volume with sentiments and descriptions so gross and immoral" as to hurt the educated sensibility of Mrs. Stanton, who would have liked the revising committees to "infuse a little sentiment into the ancient manuscripts" they contented themselves with merely collating and comparing. Imagine a translation revised so as to suit the

taste of a lady who moralizes thus on the characters of the primeval Bible women:—

while we drop a tear at the tomb of Sarah, we cannot recommend her as an example to the young women of our day, as she lacked several of the cardinal virtues. She was undignified, untruthful, and unkind to Hagar. But our moral standard differs from that of the period when she lived;

who finds "a kleptomaniac" among the wives of the patriarchs; suggests that a woman architect would have greatly improved the construction of the Ark by introducing "a series of portholes;" describes the Almighty as being "discouraged" and "perplexed" by the iniquity of His creatures; speaks of the "prolonged interview" between Eve and the Serpent, and suggests that the Mother of all living had an "intense thirst for knowledge," not to be satisfied by "the simple pleasures of picking flowers and talking with Adam." But the bright consummate flower of this lady's peculiar style is undoubtedly to be found in this passage, relating to the Fall of Man, as narrated in Genesis:—

The unprejudiced reader must be impressed with the courage, the dignity, and the lofty ambition of the woman. The tempter . . . saw at a glance the high character of the person he met by chance in his walks in the garden. He did not try to tempt her from the path of duty by *brilliant jewels, rich dresses, worldly luxuries*¹ and pleasures, but with the promise of knowledge, with the wisdom of the gods.

Even this deliverance, however, is run very close by the remarkable comment on the story of Balaam's ass, who, as became a much-enduring female, "manifested all the cardinal virtues," was "far wiser than her master, with a far keener spiritual insight," and in every respect commends herself to this original commentator as an adequate representative of the gentler half of humanity. Not every critical eye would have recognized in the appeal of

¹ Italics ours.

the poor ass to the prophet a "text concerning women," or would have discovered, by analysis of the wording of the Fourth Commandment, that the Hebrew women did not share in the rest of the Sabbath-day with the men, the maidens, the oxen and the asses of the family establishment. These discoveries were reserved for that "keen spiritual insight, with which the female sex has been specially endowed," and which is so conspicuously exemplified in Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who disposes of the Levitical priesthood as "prestidigitators," and of Moses as a clever self-seeker, whose skill in "pyrotechnics" enabled him to invest his code with a semblance of Divine authority—this being the lady's reading of that majestic story of the giving of the Law on the Mount of God which is found in the nineteenth chapter of Exodus. Few pages of this "Woman's Commentary" fail to supply excellent matter for mirth; but the crass ignorance, the fanaticism, and the arrogance of its authors are such as rather to move the readers to melancholy. These women, some of whom are decorated with the title of "Reverend," have attained considerable notoriety among their own people; their confident assertions are accepted as oracular truth by too many of their countrywomen; and the calculated unscrupulousness of their handling of Scripture, their distortion of fact and misreading of doctrine, can only have a pernicious effect on their disciples; and, by investing the cause they profess to champion with unspeakable and odious absurdity, retard the redressing of those real wrongs of which, even in Christianized and highly civilized lands, the "weaker vessel" may still complain.

Some of these are indicated in the reasonable, moderate, and well considered essays of Miss Chapman. This lady is alive to the dangers to which women are exposed by the blind eagerness of would-be reformers in their own ranks, who, whether they know it or not, "mean license when they cry liberty," and such a license as would end in slavery more degrading than

any form of bondage from which they seek escape. In the study of a certain class of novels by British authors, which forms the title-essay of her volume, some excellent work is done in exposing the true significance of that Anti-Marriage crusade, preached by writers who, like Mr. Grant Allen and Mrs. Mona Caird, secure a wide circulation for their mischievous ideas by employing the vehicle of fiction, and, consciously or unconsciously, "are making the systematic moral poisoning of youth their life-task." Mrs. Caird, indeed, is credited with doing her destructive work, womanlike, in illogical blindness to the tendency of her action; she "attacks the legal bond" of marriage, but has failed to apprehend how the position of woman and the moral interests of humanity would suffer by its abrogation. No such excuse can be or is alleged for Mr. Grant Allen, who, while aiming at the "abolition of marriage and the family" and discoursing of the "freedom" and the "moral emancipation" which women may secure thereby, scarcely takes the trouble to hide his contemptuous estimate of the creatures to be thus enfranchised, or his comfortable certainty of their inevitable submission to masculine control, which would be nowise affected by any loosening of the legal obligations. "The woman must give way in the end, even in matters of principle, to virile self-assertion." That being so in this *soi-disant* reformer's opinion, it is tolerably obvious in what interests he would overthrow those immemorial institutions, which bind the human creature with cords of self-restraint and duty, "marriage and the family;" and there is sinister significance in his explanation of his method of action:—

Women are the chief readers of fiction; and it is women whom one mainly desires to arouse to interest in profound problems by the aid of this vehicle. . . . Especially should one arouse them to such living interest while they are still young and plastic.

Something in these words makes one shudder, remembering to what a peril-

ous extent the fashion set by this propagandist and by his much more gifted compeer, Thomas Hardy, has been followed by the mob of modern novelists, and how the subtle poison of their teaching is every day more widely diffused throughout the realm of English fiction. Not only that object of Miss Chapman's just compassion, "the cleverish ardent girl, in whom intellect has outstripped experience," but her simpler-minded young sister, as yet untroubled by ideas and seeking mere idle amusement from her novel, is drinking in moral contagion and death from its seductive pages; nay, one meets with older women, whose youthful religious belief, never thoroughly vitalized, has ill withstood the wear and tear of life, and who, at the bidding of some daring romancer, are casting away their faith in God and goodness, and are ready to condone, if not to commit, the gravest offences against truth and purity. It is, therefore, well done of writers who, like Mrs. Fawcett and Miss Chapman, are in sympathy with "the saner and truer aspirations of their sex," to point out that the real tendency of this demoralizing, and in truth dehumanizing, literature is towards "the degeneration, the degradation, and the rapid re-enslavement of women," and to unmask the "crafty plausibility" with which the anti-marriage crusader seeks to make them the agents of their own undoing. Yet, for all her excellent sense and right perception, our English champion of her sex's best interests now and then betrays a disquieting kinship with those "*Américaines pour rire*," the compilers of the "Woman's Bible." Her essay on the "Disparagement of Women in Literature" is pitched too much in the key of their commentary on the Pentateuch, driving one to the conclusion that, to satisfy critics of her school, woman must be described as "the faultless monster that the world ne'er saw," combining in herself all male and female excellences, with the characteristic faults of neither sex. Scarcely would she accept that tender

judgment which ranked as truest woman her who was

Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants;

No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
That all male minds swayed from their
sphere perforce

And girdled her with music.

Spenser's "Britomart," stainless of soul and strong of hand, armed manlike at all points, and striking a good stroke for herself and her feebler sisters, should be a type more acceptable to Miss Chapman; but, whether from real ignorance, or from the easily besetting disingenuousness of the advocate briefed for one side only, she makes no reference to the high ideal of womanly character and service set up by the great Elizabethan poet, and by his best known Victorian follower, Charles Kingsley—woman-worshippers both, so far as consists with a high spiritual Christianity.

This leads us directly to consider the gravest characteristic defect of the *Fin-de-Siècle* woman, the most damaging flaw in the theories of certain advocates of Woman's Rights, with whom, however reluctantly, we must class Miss Chapman. All her insisting on the "religious manner of regarding marriage" as the main factor in the evolution of true marriage in the past and its development in the future; all her recognition of a "sacramental" character in this all-important human institution, does not conceal and is not meant to conceal her rejection of "the old sanctions" of morality. These, says she, "are crumbling"—the "old props" are falling—"and the cry goes forth, If the foundations be destroyed—the foundations of conduct and morality, upon which our hopes are built, upon which our hearts repose—what can the righteous do?" The gospel according to Darwin and Huxley, which, as it would appear, alone commands her unquestioning allegiance, supplies her with an answer to this despairing cry—but an answer such as can only commend itself to the doctrinaire who, in building up

his charming theories, leaves every-day human nature out of his calculations. Self-restraint, self-denial, self-sacrifice—in fine, all the duties enjoined by that Moral Law to which our writer renders devout homage as being real, sovereign, and sublime, “whatever its origin”—these are to be practised by all sorts and conditions of men and women, and the worst-fitting yoke must be patiently endured by them in the living present, because the great interests of the community and of posterity imperatively demand it. True is the word; but how shall obedience be ensured? “All chosen souls, all the pure in heart, all men and women of fine understanding” may follow this counsel of perfection, but these never have constituted and do not now constitute the majority of the human race; how shall they win “the sensual and the dark, slaves by their own compulsion,” to follow their high example? A more compelling motive is needed; awe for a Divine Giver of the Law, for the Voice that spoke from Heaven; love, strong enough to expel by its radiant presence that unclean throng of night-birds, the base and earthward passions of the soul—love for the Divine-Human Redeemer whose example stirs us to walk in His footsteps and give ourselves for others, as He gave Himself for us; the “old sanctions,” in fact, the Authority at once old and new, are alone sufficient for these things. Here it is, we must say with profound regret, that many of the best and sanest of those who lead the New Woman movement fall short, and assimilate themselves too much to the herd of hysterical and irrational she-revolutionaries, like the authors of the “Woman’s Bible”—contemptible these in their own persons, but formidable and almost appalling if considered as signs of the times.

From *Leisure Hour*.
THE HOLY MAN.

“I assure you it is perfectly true,” the Brahmin said. “I know the man

myself in Bareilly; I have known him for years. Every one in Bareilly knows him, and every one will tell you the same about what happened to him when the cobra bit him.”

The Brahmin himself was an upright and honorable man, of proved probity and truth, a personal friend of my own, whose word I should never have thought of doubting. Therefore, incredible as it sounded, I tried to believe his tale. I hand it on as it was told to me, for, whether it be accepted as fact or as fable, it does undoubtedly give a very fair idea of the standard by which the native of India judges medical proficiency; a standard which will account in some measure for the lack of enthusiasm manifested by him, as shown during the late plague, for instance, in adopting Western methods of healing. Gopin Nath’s Holy Man on the banks of the Ganges is the embodiment of the Hindoo idea of a great physician. How does the ablest civil surgeon, how does even the great surgeon-general himself, bear comparison with such a rival? And yet from the moment that the native has measured him by this standard and found him wanting, he looks upon him as simply on a level with the ordinary hakeem and native Hindoo doctor, with the disadvantage of being more expensive.

Gopin Nath was a Brahmin who lived in one of the narrow tortuous streets of the city of Bareilly, where only the natives dwell, far from the cantonments of the English soldiers, and the pretty thatched garden-houses of the other “Angresi log;” the city where the bazaars are, with their rows of tiny low-roofed open shops, and the frequent temples, and the dark old houses, with their many little rooms, and inner courts, and latticed upper chambers, where the Zenana ladies dwell in seclusion, seeing the outer world only through the bars of the lattice work. In one of these old houses Gopin Nath, the Brahmin, lived the curious double life of so many of his people in the Anglo-Indian cities.

In his own home in the city he was

a high-born Brahmin, with many friends and relatives, much beloved and revered by his neighbors, who came to him for counsel in their affairs and assistance in their troubles and their poverty, and who listened with reverence to his grave words of wisdom, and accepted his kindly charity with gratitude and blessings.

In the commissioner's office he was a mere clerk on a small stipend, to be ordered about, and rebuked, and sometimes fined by the young white sahibs of the ruling race, who were set over him.

Every morning at five o'clock he rose and chanted his prayers for two hours, sitting cross-legged and turbanless on the floor, with his sacred Brahmin thread over one shoulder, and a muslin dhoti about his waist, repeating the same short prayer of four lines, over and over again, in a curious monotonous chant. When the prayer time was over the barber came to shave him, and he bathed, and then, sprinkling water round him in a circle, sat down in the midst of the circle, alone, to eat his morning meal, wearing the while only a little silk coat over his shoulders, according to the rule of the Brahmins. There were many servants in the household, but his food was always cooked by his wife, for a Brahmin may not eat from the hand of one of another caste, not even from the hand of a Brahmin who belongs to any one of the other sixteen subdivisions of his own caste.

Having eaten his morning meal, Gopin Nath ceased to be a Brahmin, and became a government clerk until the evening; in token whereof he clothed himself in a semi-European dress—white linen trousers, very tight and wrinkled over the ankles, white socks, and brown leather shoes, a long black coat, and a colored, tightly folded turban. Thus arrayed, he walked gravely and punctually to his office, leaving behind him in the city all that wisdom that delighted his fellows, all that faculty of reasoning and initiative that made him so valuable as an adviser, to become a mere machine in his

master's office, doing exactly what he was told, neither more nor less, incapable of using his own judgment in any matter. After many years' service, he was as great a stranger to the white sahibs, as far as his real life and mind were concerned, as the first day he took his seat in the government office. What did any one in that office know, or care to know, of the grave, silent man who worked amongst them? No one would have been the least interested to know that his young son was a student in the Agra college, where he was learning to despise his father's faith and his father's ways; that his daughter, a child of thirteen, the very apple of his eye, had been taken away, amidst tears and heart-rending supplications, to her husband's zenana, to be shut away from the eyes of all men, where even her father might visit her but twice or thrice in the year, taking presents to her husband, and where her mother was not allowed to enter. They might, perhaps, have noticed that his hair got rapidly greyer that year, and his clear olive skin a shade or two darker.

In the evening he walked home to the city, and laid aside his hot and cumbrous European dress for the easier and more picturesque garb of his people, the loose, quaint-shaped slippers, the flowing muslin dhoti about his waist, with one end thrown over his shoulder.

He took his evening meal alone in his water-sprinkled circle, eating many little curious messes of grain and vegetables, much spiced and salted, and reeking with clarified butter; varied with sweetmeats rolled into balls and compounds of sour milk and curds and rice, all served on plates of leaves sewn together, that were thrown out into the street after the meal, to be picked up and devoured by the hungry cattle and buffaloes that were always roaming about the city.

In the evening the friends and neighbors came, and sat about in the courtyard or on the steps before the door talking of their family affairs and the gossip of the town, or disputing on

deep matters of philosophy and Brahminical lore; sometimes, it may be, comparing notes on the strange manners and customs of the English sahibs, and more especially of the English sahibs' white women.

Morning and evening for many years Gopin Nath had walked backwards and forwards to and from his office, until there came one evening in warm July, when he had been kept late at the office, and was walking home barefoot to ease and cool his feet, carrying his shoes in his hand. It was dark, and his feet made no sound in the dusty road as he walked along under the hedge. And so it befell that unawares he trod on a sleeping cobra, and it turned swiftly and bit his foot. He had but the time to crawl slowly and painfully to his home, and there he fell and died.

There was weeping and wailing in the house of Gopin Nath that night. The friends and neighbors came and bewailed themselves, and the cry went through the city that Gopin Nath was dead.

All that night they watched the body, crying with loud cries and lamenting. But in the morning there came an ancient Brahmin woman to the widow, where she sat shrouded in her veil in an upper chamber, with her friends sitting about her. She did not utter the usual mourning cries as she entered, but went straight up to the widow and said to her:—

"My sister, I come to ask you, have you thought to take the well-beloved Gopin Nath to the Holy Man on the banks of the Ganges? It may be he shall heal him even of the bite of the serpent, seeing that Gopin Nath also was a good man and feared God."

"Know you not," cried one of the women loudly, interrupting her, "that this morning, when Lutchmee but took the dead man by the hand, his fingers came off at her touch, so poisonous was the venom of the serpent, and so swiftly hath it destroyed our father, Gopin Nath?"

But Lutchmee rose up from her

place, her eyes gleaming through the shrouding veil.

"What is that you say, my sister? Who is this Holy Man you speak of?"

"He is a saint who has dwelt this many years on the banks of the Ganges, on this side of Hurdwan. All day long he stands in the Holy River and repeats the prayer. Ah! how many hundred thousand times he has said the prayer! He speaks to no man, and no man speaks to him, only all these years he prays. Surely now the gods are near him and will hear him, and it may be he shall give you back your husband."

"You are wise, my sister: Surely I will go and take him to the Holy Man. Here, one of you maidens, go and call my brother Kunia. Tell him I must speak with him."

The other women covered their faces more closely in their vells, and bent their heads as Kunia came in to his sister.

"Hast thou heard of the Holy Man or the Ganges, my brother?" she asked.

"Surely I have heard of him. I have even seen him standing knee-deep in the waters of the Ganges. A very holy man he is indeed."

"Kunia, thinkest thou if we take him who is dead to the Ganges the Holy Man will cure him? Oh, my brother, what can we do for him? He lies there dead, and we can do nothing! Help me to carry him to the Ganges."

"Who has told you of this Holy Man?" he asked.

Then the old Brahmin woman came forward and told all she had heard of the Holy Man and his many prayers. And Kunia listened with the respectful attention that Brahmins show to the words of their aged women.

"I know not," he said, when she had finished, "if he can raise up Gopin Nath, but I will do as you wish, my sister; we can take him there to the burning ground if the saint will not help us."

So Kunia went out into the city, and presently returned with a four-wheeled covered cart, long enough for a man to lie down in, and drawn by a pair of

bullocks. They lifted the dead man into the cart, and Lutchmee got in beside him and sat by his head. Her brothers and nephews and many of their friends walked beside the cart, and they set forth slowly towards the Ganges.

When they reached the Holy Man's abiding place it was already evening. They lifted the body out of the cart and carried it to the water's edge, where they could see the saint coming out of the water for his evening meal. And they stopped him, and explained to him what had happened and why they had come to him.

"I can do nothing now," he said; "but bring him in the morning, and lay him where he will be the first thing I shall see when I come out of the water after my early prayer. Watch by him to-night, and in the morning bring him here and leave him."

So they watched by him all night, and at dawn they brought him down again to the water's edge and left him there.

For two hours the Holy Man stood in the water, which covered his knees, and repeated the prayer that every Brahmin uses morning and evening. When he came out of the water his eyes fell on the dead, discolored body of Gopin Nath, and the next moment Gopin Nath sat up, and presently arose quite well.

Whether his fingers grew again I will not say, for I forgot to ask my friend the Brahmin.

H. BOURCHIER, M. D.

From *Les Annales*.
THE WOES OF A PARISIAN SAVINGS
BANK DEPOSITOR.

There are fine doings at the Savings Bank, if we may trust the *Gaulois*. It is an establishment arranged on the mouse-trap plan. Money goes in easily enough. The point is to get it out.

Listen:—

(Thursday, September 23d. At the Savings Bank). Before the window which is inscribed: *Money Withdrawn*.

(Depositor to Head Clerk.) "I wish to withdraw one hundred and fifty francs which I placed here last year. Here is my bank-book."

(Clerk) "Any means of identifying yourself?"

(Dep.) "My certificate as voter; envelopes of various letters; season-ticket on the railway." (displays them).

(C.) "You must have a receipt for rent from your landlord."

(D.) "But my dear sir, it seems to me—"

(C.) "Oh, it seems to you, does it?" (Down goes the window).

ONE HOUR LATER.

(D.) "Here is the receipt for my rent, sir!"

(C.) "Good! Have you a shooting license?"

(D.) "I do not shoot."

(C.) "No shooting-license, and expect to be paid? It's monstrous! Why should we not give our money to the first man that comes along? These depositors are really too much. You must come again."

(D.) "But—"

(C.) "Silence!" (Down goes the window.)

TWO DAYS LATER.

(D.) "I have my shooting-license, sir."

(C.) "Very well! You've got something now by which you may be identified."

(D.) "It cost me twenty-eight francs! Ah, well, I shall get a hundred and twenty-two out of my hundred and fifty, anyhow."

(C.) (Finishes examining the documents of identification.) "Eh? How's this?"

(D.) "What now?"

(C.) "Where's your marriage-license?"

(D.) "I am not married."

(C.) "I didn't ask you if you were married! I asked where your marriage-license was! Good Lord, man, how can you expect me to pay you a hundred and fifty francs unless you are properly identified?"

(D.) "But—"

(C.) "That's quite enough! You are becoming a perfect nuisance! When you've complied with the regulations, you can have your money. (Down goes the window.)

A MONTH LATER.

(D.) "Sir."

(C.) "Well."

(D.) "I have done my best to get married, sir. I have been about a good deal. I've seen a dozen girls who wanted husbands, but I did not fancy any of them."

(C.) "I understand then that you have no marriage-license."

(D.) (Shakes his head, with a sigh.)

(C.) "In that case—" (the window goes half way down).

(D.) "Oh, sir—"

(C.) "Well, what?"

(D.) "Will you give me the hand of your daughter?"

(C.) "Eh?"

(D.) "I'm a grocer. Name of Anthony. Well spoken of in my neighborhood."

(C.) "We will speak of this another time."

THREE MONTHS LATER.

(D.) (As the shutter is being taken down.) "Father-in-law?"

(C.) "Well, my son-in-law?"

(D.) "The marriage-contract was signed yesterday. I settled ten thousand francs on your daughter. Now I would like my hundred and fifty."

(C.) (In his most pompous manner.) "Easy! Easy! They will be included in her dowry."

Translated for The Living Age.

Small Change in China.—The only coin in use is the "cash," of which eight hundred can easily be obtained for a dollar (itself worth about two shillings and twopence) before starting; but when a man has a retinue of servants and a number of mules to provide for day by day, as well as his own necessities and luxuries, it will at once be seen that this is an impossible way of carrying the necessary money. So he obtains from his banker—the choice this time being Hobson's—a number of "shoes" or hollow blocks of silver (called *sycee*) varying in weight from about four pounds avoirdupois downward. Along with these he must provide himself with a small pair of scales, which he would do well to have tested by his banker before setting out, or he may have the misfortune to become possessor of a pair prepared for buying or for selling purposes only, either of which in China is a very different thing from a just balance.

Arrived in an inland town, the traveller probably finds the innkeeper and shopkeepers unable to give him change for the smallest piece of silver in his possession, and he is directed to the "cash" shops for this purpose. Taking

a "shoe" to the nearest of these, he finds that "cash" for it would require a cart rather than a purse for its accommodation. But he is at perfect liberty to cut it up as he pleases, and with the aid of a hammer and chisel gets to a piece sufficient to meet his immediate requirements. Then it is necessary to go to several shops inquiring how many strings (each supposed to contain a hundred) of "cash" they are giving per tael. This takes time, but that is nothing to the natives, and he would need a long purse indeed who would travel far in China and take the first offer of every man with whom he deals. The exchangers will probably all differ in the terms offered, but the customer need have no qualms of conscience about taking the best offer he can get, for he may rest assured that it is still less than his due. But he is not out of the wood yet, for the dealer produces his scales and at once finds the piece somewhat lighter than the seller had said. This is only part of the game, but more time must be wasted before he will concede the point, and pay over a fair number of strings.—Chambers's Journal.

The Living Age.—Supplement.

DECEMBER 11, 1897.

READINGS FROM AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

From Scribner's Magazine.
A TRIUMPH OF MIND.

I had an uncomfortable premonition of the ordeal before me; why, I do not know, for the boss had treated me civilly so far; but I greatly wished to stay in the camp, and I much feared discharge.

The boss drove on for some distance, then branched off on a side-road, and having passed a number of bark-piles, finally turned around with great difficulty, and drew up, as Black Bob had done, beside a cord of bark.

I hastened to place a stone under a hind wheel, and then threw off my coat, and, getting in between the wagon and the pile, I began to pass the bark over my head, as I had learned to do from Toler.

The boss stood on the bottom of the rig, accepting listlessly the bark as I passed it, and tossing it carelessly into place. His whole manner was meant to convey to me the idea of my own inefficiency, as though he was ready to work, even anxious to get warmed up in the frosty air, but my part was so slowly done that his own was reduced to child's play.

The storm brewed for a time in grim silence, but soon it broke in angry shouts of "Faster, faster, damn you!" and then the entire gamut of insults and excommunications.

I had been cursed at West Point, though in terms less hard to bear; and in expectation of the worst, I thought that I had schooled myself to take it philosophically when it came. But I had an awful moment now, for philosophy was clean gone, and in its place was a swift, mad desire to kill; and as the hot blood rushed to my brain, and tingled in my finger-tips, all that I could see for the instant were the handy stones under my feet, and the close range of Fitz-Adams's head.

I do not know what saved me, unless it was the sight of Fitz-Adams flushed with the anger to which he lashed himself, and becoming the more ludicrously impotent in his rage, as I restrained my temper, and showed no sign of fear. Why he did not discharge me on the spot I do not know. With awful imprecations he kept urging me to faster and yet faster work. I quickened my clumsy pace to the swiftest I could maintain with efficiency, and held it there, careless of his curses; and exhausted as I was, I yet had the satisfaction at the last of noting that our load was on as quickly as Black Bob's.

And Fitz-Adams, too, found a curious balm for his troubled feelings. We were at the last cord, and he was cursing free, while I panted and sweated in my straining efforts to pass the bark aboard. The strips were large and heavy, some of them, and they all lay rough side up; and as you lifted them over your head, there fell upon you from each a shower of dust and dirt that had gathered in the crumbling outer bark. This filled your ears and hair, and found its way far down your back. I had blocked the wheel, but we were on a sharp descent, and the load was growing heavy. Evidently Fitz-Adams feared our breaking loose, and so he stopped me suddenly with an order to "make fast the lock-break." Now "the lock-break" conveyed the dimmest notion to my mind, and the boss would give no hint as to what it really was nor how it was to be "made fast." Instead, he stood and watched me, while, with awkward guesses as to its purpose, I succeeded in unhooking one end of a heavy chain that hung under the wagon, and having passed it between two spokes of a hind wheel, I clumsily made fast the hook in a link of the chain drawn taut.

Fitz-Adams stood meanwhile in speechless anger, enraged beyond relief from oaths; and then the tension broke, with comical effect, in a sentence which seemed to come to him as a happy inspiration.

"I'm damned, Buddy, if you ain't greener than a green Irishman, *greener than a green Irishman*." And he repeated the phrase as though it exactly met the case, and brought him satisfaction far beyond the power of profanity; and then he shouted through the forest:—

"Hey, Bob!"

"Hello!"

"This Buddy, he's greener than a green Irishman!" He laughed aloud, and there came an answering laugh from Bob, and the boss started down the mountain with his load, the locked wheel bounding and crunching among the stones, while he swore to steady the horses.

Thursday morning brought the crisis in the history of my stay in the camp. In the course of the midday cursing of the day before, Fitz-Adams told me that he was giving me my last chance. I tried hard to show my fitness for the place, and our load was the first to start for the tannery; but to all appearances Fitz-Adams was not placated. I thought that the last hour of my stay in camp was surely come, and with a heavy heart I began to plan the next move. But for some reason nothing further was said to me about leaving, and Thursday morning found me again helping the boss.

His mood had utterly changed. It was very early, and the skies were overcast, and in the clouded twilight we could scarcely see to do our work. Fitz-Adams seemed to be in no hurry, he was silent, and moved nervously. I wondered what this might portend, and braced myself for finality. It was very hard. I was learning to know the men; they ignored me still, but I was sure that I understood them better, and my liking for them grew each day, and earnestly I wished to stay, in the hope of winning a footing in the camp, and

some terms of fellowship with the men. Fitz-Adams had stopped work now, and he stood leaning on the rigging as he spoke to me. There was a mildness in his tone and a tentative expectancy, as though an uncomfortable suspicion had dawned upon him, and he feared to verify it.

"Say, Buddy, have you ever been to school?"

"Yes," I said.

There was silence for a minute, and the tone in which Fitz-Adams broke it was awestruck.

"Say, Buddy, have you got a education?"

"I've had good advantages."

And then eagerly from him:—

"Major, can you figure?"

It was my inning now and I liked it, and I was guilty of saying that within narrow limits I could.

"Will you do my accounts for me, Major?"

"I will, with pleasure."

Fitz-Adams drew a deep breath, and his voice fell to a lower tone.

"Well, that'll be a good thing for me. I never had no schooling, and Sam the book-keeper, he don't seem to know much more'n me. I guess I lost pretty nigh on to \$2,000 on my contracts last year, on account of not knowing how to figure. Say, Major, this is pretty hard work for you; you suit yourself about this work, and help me with the accounts. Of course, I—I—I didn't know."

"Oh, drop it, Fitz-Adams!" I said.

"We understand each other. I'll be glad to look after the accounts so long as I stay; but it's growing light now, and let's get on this load."

And so I won a place in the camp, and got myself on human terms with the boss. Fitz-Adams never referred to the matter again, but treated me in a perfectly manly, straightforward way, taking patiently my clumsy work as a woodsman, and accepting, as a matter of course, my help with the accounts, and even consulting me, at times, in certain details of the work. It was one of these consultations which brought a rare opportunity.

I had won my way with the boss, not by virtue of an education, but actually upon the basis of an acquaintance with elementary arithmetic. When I came to look at the accounts, it was not a question of book-keeping that was involved, but simple addition and multiplication and division, in all of which branches both Fitz-Adams and Sam the book-keeper were lamentably weak, so weak, in fact, that they felt no real confidence in their results.

But my way with the men was yet to make. They were not uncivil, but they would none of me. To them I was still an outsider, an inharmonious figure in their club; and, whatever may have been the change in my relations with the boss, the men were in no way bound to recognize me.

One morning Fitz-Adams and I stood together in his rig, as he was driving up the "corduroy road" to the place on the mountain where the crew were at work. Presently he pointed out to me, about forty yards up the steep ascent on our left, some long, straggling piles of bark that perched there, like peasants' huts over a precipice in the Alps.

"I don't know how to go at that bark," he said with a frown. "You can't get a wagon there, nor yet a dray; and it's so brittle that if you slide it down you'll have nothing but chips to cart to the tannery, and the man that tries to carry it down—well, it's a three or four days' job, and he'll have his neck broke sure."

I said that I should look at it. I was "piling bark" now on my own account, and Toler had another "Buddy," a big, bounding Irish Hercules, who had lately come to camp and who soon won distinction by reason of the songs he sung. They were wonderful songs; long beyond belief, and they told the loves and woes of truly wonderful people.

Buddy had early made known his talent, and on his first evening in camp he was peremptorily told to sing. It was after supper. He was sitting much at home on the bench behind the stove, and was smoking. Instantly he took his pipe from his mouth, and

cleared his throat; then, laying his hands on his knees, he sang, swaying meanwhile in time with the monotonous cadences of that strange verse, which went on and on for quite half an hour, while the men listened open-eyed, and punctuated the sentiment with profane approval.

When I examined the bark-piles I found that transferring them to the "corduroy road" below was a matter of carrying the bark in small loads on one's back, and of having a secure footing for the descent.

On the next morning I took a pick and spade, and first cut a series of steps to the ledge where the bark lay piled. After a little practice I learned to make up a load, by selecting a broad, stout slab of bark and packing the smaller pieces upon it. Then stooping under the load, as it lay ready on the edge of the pile, I easily shifted it to my back and head; and holding it with one hand, while the other was free to help maintain my balance, I carefully picked a way down the steep decline.

It probably appeared a far more difficult and dangerous feat than it really was; and with a load of bark upon my back, I was more than ever an outlandish figure to the men, more in keeping with the Königstuhl and the valley of the Neckar than with Fitz-Adams's Camp in the Alleghanies. But the actual accomplishment of the work seemed to interest them, and the teamsters used to stop and watch me in silence, and then drive off, swearing in low tones. One evening the whole returning crew caught me at the job. The men stood still, and having watched a descent, they examined the bark piled high at the roadside and then walked on, commenting among themselves. That night in camp several of them spoke to me, calling me "Major" after Fitz-Adams's manner.

From "The Workers: An Experiment in Reality. V. A Logging Camp." By Walter Wyckoff.

From The Atlantic Monthly.
LONDON REMINISCENCES.

I visited Darwin twice in his own house at an interval of six years, once

passing the night there. On both occasions I found him the same, but with health a little impaired after the interval,—always the same simple, noble, absolutely truthful soul. Without the fascinating and boyish eagerness of Agassiz, he was also utterly free from the vehement partisanship which this quality brings with it, and he showed a mind ever humble and open to new truth. Tall and flexible, with the overhanging brow and long features best seen in Mrs. Cameron's photograph, he either lay half reclined on the sofa or sat on high cushions, obliged continually to guard against the cruel digestive trouble that haunted his whole life. I remember that at my first visit, in 1872, I was telling him of an address before the Philological Society by Dr. Andrew J. Ellis, in which he had quoted from "Alice in the Looking-Glass" the description of what were called port-manteau words, into which various meanings were crammed. As I spoke, Mrs. Darwin glided quietly away, got the book, and looked up the passage. "Read it out, my dear," said her husband; and as she read the amusing page, he laid his head back and laughed heartily. Here was the man who had revolutionized the science of the world giving himself wholly to the enjoyment of Alice and her pretty nonsense. Akin to this was his hearty enjoyment of Mark Twain, who then had hardly begun to be regarded as above the Josh Billings grade of humorist; but Darwin was amazed that I had not read "The Jumping Frog," and said that he always kept it by his bedside for midnight amusement. I recall with a different kind of pleasure the interest he took in my experience with the colored race, and the faith which he expressed in the negroes. This he afterward stated more fully in a letter to me, which may be found in his published memoirs. It is worth recording that even the incredulous Carlyle had asked eagerly about the colored soldiers, and had drawn the conclusion, of his own accord, that in their case the negroes should be enfranchised. "You could

do no less," he said, "for the men who had stood by you."

Darwin's house at Beckenham was approached from Orpington station by a delightful drive through lanes, among whose tufted hedges I saw the rare spectacle of two American elms, adding those waving and graceful lines which we their fellow countrymen are apt to miss in England. Within the grounds there were masses of American rhododendrons, which grow so rapidly in England, and these served as a background to flower-beds more gorgeous than our drier climate can usually show.

At my second visit Darwin was full of interest in the Peabody Museum at Yale College, and quoted with approval what Huxley had told him, that there was more to be learned from that one collection than from all the museums of Europe. But for his chronic seasickness, he said, he would visit America to see it. He went to bed early that night, I remember, and the next morning I saw him, soon after seven, apparently returning from a walk through the grounds,—an odd figure, with white beard, and with a short cape wrapped round his shoulders, striding swiftly with his long legs. He said that he always went out before breakfast,—besides breakfasting at the very un-English hour of half past seven,—and that he was also watching some little experiments. His son added reproachfully, "There it is: he pretends not to be at work, but he is always watching some of his little experiments, as he calls them, and gets up in the night to see them." Nothing could be more delightful than the home relations of the Darwin family; and the happy father once quoted to me a prediction made by some theological authority that his sons would show the terrible effects of such unrighteous training, and added, looking round at them, "I do not think I have much reason to be ashamed."

I think it was on that very day that I passed from Darwin to Browning, meeting the latter at the Athenæum Club. It seemed strange to ask a page

to find Mr. Browning for me, and it reminded me of the time when the little daughter of a certain poetess quietly asked at the dinner-table, between two bites of an apple, "Mamma, did I ever see Mr. Shakespeare?" The page spoke to a rather short and strongly built man who sat in a window-seat, and who jumped up and grasped my hand so cordially that it might have suggested the remark of Madame Navarro (Mary Anderson) about him,—made, however, at a later day,—that he did not appear like a poet, but rather "like one of our agreeable Southern gentlemen." He seemed a man of every day, or like the typical poet of his own "How It Strikes a Contemporary." In all this he was, as will be seen later, the very antipodes of Tennyson. He had a large head of German shape, broadening behind, with light and thin grey hair and whitish beard; he had blue eyes, and the most kindly heart. It seemed wholly appropriate that he should turn aside presently to consult Anthony Trollope about some poor author for whom they held funds. He expressed pleasure at finding in me an early subscriber to his "Bells and Pomegranates," and told me how he published that series in the original cheap form in order to save his father's money, and that single numbers now sold for ten or fifteen pounds. He was amused at my wrath over some changes which he had made in later editions of those very poems, and readily admitted, on my suggesting it, that they were merely a concession to obtuse readers; he promised, indeed, to alter some of the verses back again, but—as is the wont of poets—failed to do so. I was especially struck with the way in which he spoke about his son, whose career as an artist had well begun, he said; but it was an obstacle that people expected too much of him, as having had such a remarkable mother. It was told in the simplest way, as if there were nothing on the paternal side worth considering.

From "Literary London Twenty Years Ago." By Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

From Harper's Magazine.

A CHRIST-LIKE LIFE.

How should a man live the life of Christ in the modern world? By an ascetic withdrawal from it? By a fanatical affectation of methods and manners foreign to it? By an attempt to copy traditions and methods outworn and outgrown? By fantastical performances, and violent, eccentric utterances, which have the air of courting notoriety and martyrdom, not of enduring it for conscience' sake? Perhaps some light may be thrown upon this by a plain recital of a modern instance.

In London, some years ago, I knew a young gentleman whose short history is instructive. Of a good family and socially well placed, the nephew of a bishop, he had not inclined to a university education, but had gone into business and become a stock-broker. His alert mind, excellent habits, great business shrewdness and activity, and knowledge of London promised a successful career in this occupation. Attractive in his personality, racy in his talk, which was made more amusing by an almost fastidious use of stock-exchange slang, a thoroughly modern man, and a Londoner of his day, his integrity and cheerful sympathy with life gained him the love and confidence of all who knew him. A member of the Church of England, and of wholly correct life, he never put on a "pious" aspect. He liked people, high and low, humanity generally, and carried always a bright face and cheerful spirit. Apparently he had no call to be anything but a business man. He married into one of the most intellectual families of England, a young lady cultivated, beautiful, of a noble disinterested character and high ideals.

Familiar with the city, and having the aspects of its misery and forlornness thrust upon his notice day by day, his sympathies became very much enlisted, and he began a sort of work, as he had opportunity, among the poor and unfortunate. Presently he found that his labors as a layman were very much at a disadvantage for want of a

ποῦ σιῶ, and he determined to acquire a position upon which he could work. Giving up his business, he went to reside at one of the great universities, pursuing the requisite studies, including theology, and at the end of two years was prepared and took orders in the Church. Returning to London, he obtained a big parish and church in Soho—one of the best grounds on which to fight the devil in London—and the young couple took up their mission in that unattractive neighborhood. When I next saw him he had put on no clerical airs; he might still have been, for all that manner or appearance showed, a cheerful, not to say jolly, stock-broker; he made no proclamation of doing anything extraordinary, or of sacrificing himself, but if you looked on a little you saw that he was doing his Master's work. In nothing was he removed from the people. He knew everybody; he was well met with everybody; he was as clear-headed in his work as he had been in the exchange; he understood all about the sin and misery around him, and was under no illusions. He made no street processions or displays, but he was anxious to accept help anywhere, and he had a certain sympathy with the "Salvationists;" he made no attempt to attract attention by sensational preaching; he knew all the policemen and detectives in his region, and had their aid when needed, and their respect always. He went about everywhere (doing good), and was accessible to everybody. Every soul in the great parish knew that he was not working for himself, that he was not condescending nor "missionarizing," as they understood that process, but that his interest in them was a genuine human interest. And they gave him first respect, then confidence, then affection. He took the Church as he found it as an organization for doing good, and I could not learn that he bothered himself to discuss its doctrines, or speculate on its origin, or experiment with its forms. It seemed to him an instrument which a man who loved his fellow-men could

use to do them good. And what a work he carried on in Soho! A work in societies, clubs, missions, sermons, but most of all in a sympathetic personality, as a comrade, as a counsellor, a bearer of their griefs and burdens, a living testimony to the value of religion. No hermit was this, no ascetic, no fastidist, no disturber of the peace, no withdrawer from the life of the world, but an example of a man who lived as other men might, in a happy home, in a happy family, not sacrificing domestic joys nor the rational pleasures of humanity. It evidently did not occur to him to do anything extraordinary, or in any way to experiment on some new way of bringing light and comfort into the world. He simply gave himself to help the ignorant, the poor, and friendless. The mistake he made was in giving himself too actually, never laying down his work for an hour, taking scarcely any vacation in this pouring out of his energies and sympathies for humanity. Not even his vigor and light-heartedness could indefinitely stand such a strain.

In a subsequent sojourn in London, the day after my arrival, and early in the day, I hurried to the residence of the rector. He had taken another and perhaps more difficult parish in Marylebone. When I reached the house I was startled by the sight of a crape on the door. The rector had died that morning! He was so weary with work, a weariness he would not acknowledge, that a slight pneumonia had taken him off suddenly.

The day following I attended his funeral in the great Marylebone Church. The house was packed. A considerable representation of the clergy and Church dignitaries in London was in attendance, and the numerous relatives of the young preacher. Sorrow rested on all of them. But they were not the only mourners. The church was filled with the mixed and humble population of Marylebone. They all were mourners. It was a bright June day. The side street by the church and the broad avenue in

front were filled with a waiting crowd, a motley crowd, the poor, the shabby, the followers of evil ways, the struggling masses, women, children, drawn not by curiosity, but by a more powerful loadstone. Inside and outside the house they were silent. And most of them were crying—crying silently, and as if bereaved. They had lost their best friend. That was all. And their poor world would be poorer now that they could not go to him for help, and not see any more his sunny face and hear his cheerful voice.

He was borne away amid the profound silence of a tearful, sorrow-stricken multitude. It was only a funeral in Marylebone. Little note of it was made in the newspapers; none of its significance. The poor had no way of expressing their grief that was audible to the great world. Their friend had gone, and they were helpless. I have seen many funerals, conducted with great pomp, with display of all the sable trappings of grief, music, processions, and a great crowd of witnesses. I never saw any funeral so impressive, so majestic as this. I recall many eulogies, many demonstrations of popular feeling for heroes and characters notorious. I never saw such a tribute paid to any human being as this heart-breaking tribute of the poor of Marylebone to their friend.

I doubt if it ever occurred to any of them to ask whether it is possible in these days for a man to be Christ-like in London.

From "Editor's Study." By Charles Dudley Warner.

From McClure's Magazine.

A DESPERATE JOURNEY.

Sven Hedin, seating himself on the sill of his study window, swinging his legs to and fro like an idle boy, and leisurely smoking a cigar as he spoke, proceeded to tell me, quietly and without gesture or emphasis, such a story of human endurance and human courage, of trust in self and faith in God, as few men have lived to tell.

"I started from Kashgar on February 17, 1895, with four Turkish servants and eight fine camels. I wanted to cross from the Yarkand-Darya River to the Khotan-Darya River, over the Takla-Makan Desert. I wanted to explore this desert, which nobody had ever done. There were many legends anent it amongst the inhabitants on its confines—stories of ancient towns buried in the sand; and I wanted to learn if there was any foundation for these stories. I entered the desert on April 10th. We had water for twenty-five days with us, carried in iron tanks on the backs of the camels. It was all sand—moving dunes of sand. The days were very hot, the nights were bitterly cold. The air was full of dust. We crossed the first half of the desert in thirteen days, and came to a region where there were some hills and small fresh-water lakes. Here I bade my men fill the cisterns with fresh water for ten days. We then proceeded, all going well. On the second day after we had left the lakes, I looked at the cisterns and found that water for four days only had been taken! I thought we could reach the Khotan-Darya in six days, and one of my servants told me that in three days' march from where we were we should find a place where we could dig for water. I believed him, and we went on.

"We found no water, and two days after, our supply was exhausted. The camels got ill; we lost three camels before May 1st. On May 1st the men began to sicken. I was so thirsty that I drank a glass of the vile Chinese spirit. It made me very ill. We only proceeded four kilometers that day—early in the morning. My men were all weeping and clamoring to Allah. They said they could go no further; they said they wanted to die. I made them put up the tent, and then we all undressed and lay down naked in the tent. During that day we killed our last sheep, and drank its blood. We all thought to die. I thought I would do my best to go as far as possible. That is the difference between a Eu-

ropean and an Oriental: a European thinks that a life is not so easily taken away; an Oriental is a fatalist, and will not fight for its preservation. In the evening of May Day we were all mad with raging thirst. When night fell we walked on. Two of the men could not move. They were dying. So we had to leave them. I said to them, 'Wait a little here, sleep a little, and then follow us.'

"I had to abandon much of my luggage—five thousand kronors' worth—for the camels were too weak. But I took my most important instruments with me, all my Chinese silver, my maps, and my notes. That night another camel died. I was ahead, carrying a torch to lead the way. In the night a third man gave in, and lay down in the sand and motioned to me to leave him to die. Then I abandoned everything—silver, maps, and notebooks—and took only what I could carry: two chronometers, a box of matches, ten cigarettes, and a compass. The last of the men followed. We went east. The man carried a spade and an iron pot. The spade was to dig for water; the iron pot held clotted blood, foul and putrid. Thus we staggered on, through the moving dunes of sand, till the morning of the second of May.

"When the sun rose we dug out holes in the sand, which was cold from the frost of the night, and undressed and lay down naked. With our clothes and the spade we made a little tent, which gave us just enough shelter for our heads. We lay there for ten hours. At nightfall we staggered on again, still towards the east. We advanced all the night of the second, and the morning of the third of May. On this morning, as we were stumbling along, Kasim suddenly gripped my shoulder and pointed east. He could not speak. I could see nothing. At last he whispered, 'Tamarisk!' So we walked on, and after a while I saw a green thing on the horizon.

"We reached it at last, but we could not dig. It was all sand, yards deep. But we thanked God, and munched the

green foliage; and all that day we lay naked in its shadow. At nightfall I dressed, and bade Kasim follow. He lay where he was, and said not a word. I left him, and went east. I went on till one in the morning. Then I came to another tamarisk, and as the night was bitterly cold, I collected the fallen branches and made a fire. In the night my companion came up. He had seen my fire. He did not speak. I did not speak. We had no interest to talk. It was impossible to do so, for our mouths were as dry as our skins.

"That night we walked on for several hours, and so on till the sun grew hot on the fourth of May, when we again lay down naked on the sand. On the night of May 4th we advanced crawling on all fours and resting every ten yards or so. I meant to save my life. I felt all along that my life could not be thrown away like that. We came to three desert poplars on a patch of soil where there was no sand. We tried to dig, but we were too weak and the frozen ground was too hard. We barely dug to a depth of six inches. Then we fell on our faces and clawed up the earth with our fingers. But we could not dig deep. So we abandoned the hope of finding water there and lit a fire, in the hope that Islam-Bai, the man who had stayed behind with the camels, might chance to see it and follow on. It happened so, but I only knew it later. On the fifth we went on, east. We were bitterly disappointed, for the poplars had given us hope, and we had to cross a broad belt of sterile sand.

"At last we saw a black line on the horizon, very dark and very thin, and we understood that it must be the forests of Khotan-Darya. We reached the forest by the time the sun grew hot. It was very deep and very dense, a black forest of very old trees. We saw the tracks of wild beasts. All that day we lay naked in the shade of the trees. There was no sign of water anywhere. In the evening I dressed, and told Kasim to arise. He could not move. He was going mad. He looked fearful, lying flat on his

back, with his arms stretched out, naked, with staring eyes and open mouth. I went on. The forest was very dense and the night black, black. I had eaten nothing for ten days; I had drunk nothing for nine. I crossed the forest crawling on all fours, tottering from tree to tree. I carried the haft of the spade as a crutch. At last I came to an open place. The forest ended like a devastated plain. This was a river-bed, the bed of the Khotan-Darya. It was quite dry. There was not a drop of water. I understood that this was the bad season for water. The river-beds are dry in the spring, for the snow which feeds them has not yet melted on the mountains.

"I went on. I meant to *live*. I would find water. I was very weak, but I crawled on all fours, and at last I crossed the river-bed. It was three kilometers wide. Then, as I reached the right bank of the river, I heard the sound of a duck lifting and the noise of splashing water. I crawled in that direction, and found a large pool of clear, fresh water. I thanked God first, and then I felt my pulse. I wanted to see the effect that drinking would have on it. It was at forty-eight. Then I drank. I drank fearfully. I had a little tin with me. It had contained chocolates, but I had thrown these away as I could swallow nothing. The tin I had kept. I had felt sure, all the time, that I should find water and that I should use that tin as a drinking-cup. I drank and drank and drank. It was a most lovely feeling. I felt my blood liquefying. It began to run in my veins; my pores opened. My pulse went up at once to fifty-three. I felt quite fresh and living.

"As I lay there I heard a noise in the reeds like a big animal moving. I thought it must be a tiger. There are tigers in the Khotan-Darya. I had not the faintest feeling of fear. I felt that the life that had just been regained could not be taken from me by such a beast as a tiger. I waited for him with pleasure. I wanted to look into

his eyes. He did not come. He was probably frightened to see a man."

From "In Unexplored Asia: The Remarkable Discoveries and Adventures of Dr. Sven Hedin, as Told by Himself." Recorded by R. H. Sherard.

From The Cosmopolitan.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

American journalists exercise a discretion for which they seldom receive credit. Public men have reason to know very well how absolutely to be relied on is the professional sense of honor among representatives of the press. It is a mistake to suppose that statesmen and men of affairs are sphinxes, surrounding themselves with a portentous air of mystery and veiling their designs and their motives in a studied obscurity. As a matter of fact, they are among the frankest of mortals, and find it an immense relief to speak without reserve. Only their unerring judgment of men, that knowledge of human nature which is the very first requirement for a successful public man, teaches them to whom they may and to whom they may not safely talk. A year or more ago, I was present at a luncheon at which the principal guest was at that moment very much in the public eye. A recent act of his had excited the intensest interest all over the country, and the newspapers teemed with every possible conjecture as to its inner history. It was a puzzle; a mystery. Well, at this luncheon, over the coffee and cigars, someone present broached the subject, and the guest at once gave a minutely detailed account of the whole affair. It was a dramatic incident and he told it so as to bring out its dramatic possibilities in the most vivid way. Now of the eight persons present, five were in some way or other connected with journalism, and he had never met any of these five before. His story was "copy" of the most precious kind. If made public, it would have been telegraphed at once to every leading newspaper in the land, and would have been a "beat" of the

most colossal proportions. Yet the narrator did not even preface his story by asking his listeners to regard it as confidential. He did not need to, and he knew it. He knew instinctively that he was among gentlemen and that gentlemen, whether in or out of journalism, do not divulge what they learn in the intercourse of private life. The whole thing struck me as rather fine; and it was absolutely typical of the attitude of the most sagacious public men toward those journalists whose salaries, as President Harrison once said, "are not supposed to buy their honor and their consciences."

From the president down, therefore, statesmen talk most unreservedly with the representatives of the great newspapers. By explaining to them the real drift of important measures, by giving them the inner history of certain diplomatic moves, they often prevent that sort of criticism which, through misinformation, is frequently injurious to public policy and may in the conduct of foreign affairs be even prejudicial to the national interests. And if any professional journalist has ever violated such a confidence as this, if he has ever shown himself unworthy of the trust that one reposes in a man of honor, or if he has ever let the instincts of a news-gatherer master his good faith as a man and his patriotism as an American, then the present writer, at least, has never heard of it.

To the typical American journal, one must frankly concede some very great and very conspicuous merits—so great and so conspicuous indeed, that the press of no other country in the world can match them. The first is the extraordinary range, the completeness, and on the whole, the accuracy of its news, to get which it spares no labor or expense. Where a French journal will spend a few francs or an English journal a few pounds, an American newspaper will spend thousands of dollars. But this is the least of it. The American journal will give its readers information which neither the French nor the English journal will give at all, not even in this most meagre way. It is

no exaggeration to say that a great American newspaper will publish a better account of any really important occurrence in France than can be found in even the *Temps* or the *Figaro*; and that it will give quite as satisfactory a narrative of any remarkable English event as can be read in the *London Times* or the *Standard*. And it will give these descriptions on the same day, using the ocean cables with no regard whatever to the enormous cost involved. Thus the *Tribune* of New York had as complete and striking an account of the czar's recent visit to France as any of the Parisian journals published. The *Sun's* description of the jubilee pageant in London was better told, more vivid and written with more literary skill than that which the *London Times* of the same date contained. Nor is it merely in these spectacular occurrences that this is true. I was in France this summer when the outbreak of the Afridis against the British garrisons on the Afghan frontier took place. The French journals, as might have been expected, chronicled the affair in dispatches of only six to a dozen lines. So I turned to the English papers with much confidence, for the revolt was one of very serious importance to Englishmen as possibly foreboding a second great mutiny against their rule. And the *London Times* did have a multiplicity of telegrams from India relating the progress of events. But these telegrams were printed one after the other just as they had come in, not correlated or explained, but strung along in such a way that unless the reader had a minute knowledge of the geography of northern India and of the existing disposition of the British forces there, the whole series of dispatches was utterly baffling, fragmentary and unintelligible. It was not until ten days later when a copy of the *New York Evening Post* reached my hands that the whole matter became clear. Then I found a concise, lucid and connected account which any one could understand in a moment's reading.

From "A Great National Newspaper." By Harry Thurston Peck.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE MEETING OF JESUS AND JOHN

Through the thick growth of the river banks he came out suddenly upon the glancing stream. The tall reeds, swaying to the light winds, parted and closed above his head. At some little distance above him, a crowd of Jews were drawing about a young ascetic. He of Nazareth, being unobserved, gathered himself against the shadow of the reeds, and, standing silently, looked and listened.

John had no velvet tongue, but his audience seemed to like him none the less for that. The adulations, nay, even the courtesies of oratory, were absent from his speech. He arraigned his times and his hearers. The banks of the river rang with tremendous exhortations.

"Repent! repent! Look to your sins! The time is short. The Kingdom is at hand. The Kingdom of Heaven cometh. Repent! confess!"

Gentler tones succeeded. There were persuasions to a better life. There were hints and more than hints of better public conditions and of brighter personal hopes. The great political yearnings and beliefs of the Jews were gathered into a form vague at first, then clearer, then definite, then positive. The speaker threatened, but he promised; he condemned, but he reassured. He scathed his hearers for their vices, but he flung before them the banner of their great National Hope, their long-cherished, proud, and splendid expectation: "Your Deliverer is within reach! Your Hero is here! He whom ye have trusted and awaited is close at hand. Behold, he cometh! Prepare the way for him!"

Now the people, hearing these stirring words, and wrought upon with the eloquence of the young speaker, took upon themselves a natural conclusion. Who should this man be who had troubled the waters of Jordan for so many a day? See Jerusalem, and Bethlehem, and Jericho, and the hill country, and the desert, thronging to follow this extraordinary recluse, who

sought nothing, claimed nothing for himself!—this eloquent, self-forgetting being, burning in the flame of truth, and thinking no more of his own interest than the angels who talked with Abraham or wrestled with Jacob!

So his listeners pressed upon him! "Thou," they cried, "art He! Thou art no prophet, but He Himself! Thou art He whom we have sought so long!"

Then swiftly over the face of John there came the unconscious and the noble look of one who does not even recognize the high nature of the deed he does. In his hands at that moment he held the chance of such an attractive though delusive personal history as few men have had. The emotional Jews were ready to take him for his own Christ. He could have passed for their Messiah much more easily than he could persuade them just then that he was not the man.

The watcher by the river bank took a few steps forward and upward of the stream; so, drawing nearer, but still unnoticed, he could hear more plainly what took place between the speaker and the people. "Why should we look for another? Art thou not He? Thou art He!"

"Nay—nay, I am not He. I am not worthy to unloose the fastening of his sandal. He cometh after, but He is preferred before. He is before me and above me. I baptize you with this water."

As John spoke he gently drew one of the throng towards him into the ford, and moving to the shallow of the river baptized the penitent. This was done with the solemnity of one who believed in the sacredness of the act, and his own reverence therefor was seen to extend quickly to the people.

"There cometh One," he murmured, "He shall bathe you with fire, and with the Spirit which is Holy. Repent! for He is mightier than I!" As he spoke these last three words he perceived suddenly that he was observed by a stranger standing apart on the banks of the stream. The color fled quickly

from the dark face of the young prophet. He ceased abruptly, and strode towards the figure.

The two young men stood for a moment face to face without speaking to each other. John was still pale, and the ragged fringe on the edge of his coarse garment trembled below his leathern girdle.

He of Nazareth, in a light talith, against the dark background of the reeds and river trees, took on a strong relief. Their eyes—in both the solemn, searching eyes of the devotee, undistracted by diversion, deepened by thought, undaunted by self-denial, darkened by the unconscious shadow of coming martyrdom—questioned each other. Those of the one asked:—

"Who art thou?"

And those of the other made strange answer, not saying:—

"I am He," but rather repeating, "Who am I? Read me to myself." Words added little to that instantaneous recognition of the spirit.

Neither could have put into language what that moment meant to each. The face of John grew rapt. But on that of the Nazarene a gentle trouble lay. Possessed by who knew what thoughts, he had sought the haunts of the popular teacher. Driven by who could say what longing for recognition, of which he sorely felt the need, he had come to his unknown kinsman, this young man whose public career had already so much the start of his own. With the touching humility characteristic of his whole life, he depended on his cousin for that encouragement without which he would not, perhaps could not, have trusted the stirring of his own nature. On John fell the double responsibility of recognition and of interpretation: he must identify Christ to himself, as well as to the people. One gesture did it,—one swift Oriental gesture of reverence, of worship. John's suffused eyes, bowed head, outstretched hands, sinking body, prostrate being, cried: "Thou art He!"

Still the face of the other, too gentle, too humble, to mistake the moment,

regarded him perplexedly. "*Who am I?*" it said.

The people had now begun to press down the river bank towards the prophet, but John, by a motion which would have been impatient in a pettier man and at a lesser crisis of feeling, ordered them to keep their distance. The two were therefore still apart and undisturbed. The waters of the ford, deepening where they now stood, ran calmer and darker. The slender leaves of a willow on the banks dropped into the stream and floated down. Tree-tops were reflected brokenly in the river,—a palm, a red tamarisk, a clump of oleanders, and a few white-stemmed sycamores, beyond the fringe of reeds. Doves shimmered overhead. The sky was warm and deep. The Nazarene stepped down into the water.

Startled, incredulous, shocked, John perceived that Jesus was seeking the submission of baptism. The young man's whole nature rose in noble revolt against the situation in which he so unexpectedly found himself. He was destitute of the motives of ordinary forerunners of heroes; at the first intimation that his day was over, he was ready to drop the symbol and the substance of power; pre-eminence was nothing to him, the sweets of leadership, the fascination of oratory,—nothing and less! He longed only to be true to his one errand in the world, only to be the prologue to the drama, the herald before the king; only to be blotted, forgotten, obliterated in the glory and the story of the Wonderful!

"Nay, nay. Comest thou to *me*? Rather I to thee!"

But Jesus, smiling, had his will; and, gently and enigmatically urging, "Suffer it to be, for now," he waded into the water and received from the awed and trembling hands of his kinsman the rite of dedication to a religious life. But when he came up out of the shining river the people had run down the banks of the stream, and many of them stood collected to see the newcomer, about whose baptism there seemed to be something of special interest which they had missed. They

had scrambled along chattering, but a quietness fell on them when they reached the spot. For the look on the faces of the two young men was not a thing to gossip in the presence of, however much or long one might talk of it in after times.

And, while the whole group stood, thoughtful, a cream-white dove that had been flying to and fro across Jordan rose high in the heavens and swept out of sight. The stranger had fixed his gaze upon the flight of the dove; and, thus, dripping with gleaming water, with upraised face, he seemed entirely preoccupied with the movements of the bird. John, wondering at his absorption in this trifle, drew near to observe the other, and, seeing that he was at prayer, reverently drew back. The bird swept into sight again; graceful, snowy, palpitating like a thing half bird, half lily, pure as the film of the cloud, through which it descended slowly. The dove dipped toward the water, and with a few encircling movements settled gently upon the head of Jesus, whose uplifted countenance it seemed to study with that strange distance which the observation of a bird puts between itself and a human face, as if it came from a sphere too high to touch humanity. Almost before one could say that it had rested upon the man, it had ascended from him and melted into the sky.

A little murmur ran through the crowd at the beautiful sight; the people, who must always talk of whatever happens, turned to say something each to his neighbor. But Jesus and John, who did not speak, listened with held breath. Again their eyes met solemnly, each with a question in them.

"Didst thou hear aught?"

"Didst thou?" . . .

Afterwards a strange thing was said about the dove. It was reported that John, whose severe and honorable word was not to be doubted, had heard intelligible sounds from the heavens when the bird swept from the sky upon the head of the newly-baptized man; it was added that the other had himself heard them, and more than these,

and that the words had a meaning which no man else could understand.

From "The Story of Jesus Christ: An Interpretation." By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers. Price \$2 00.

A RUSTLER'S CONSCIENCE.

People who go through the Yellowstone country nowadays know little of what that trip meant before the time of the railroad. Four of us made the journey: the Parson, Old Silurian, the Unsalted, and the Tramp; in other words, a city clergyman, a professor of geology, a young collegian, and myself. There was but an apology for a road, and we had to get down and pull logs out of the way to get through. At one point we had no road but a river-bed, and followed it through a cañon. At night we camped wherever there was tent room, and the frost nipped our toes through our blankets. "Toot," our factotum, and "Al," his brother, keeper, also, of the Coyote saloon in Bozeman, were famous hunters, fishermen, and cooks, steady drivers, astonishing drinkers, and they liked to use bad language and relate unseemly narratives in order to see the clergyman and the professor wince. They claimed to have committed many sins, but they never worried over them. It was different with a "rustler" we met out there.

After some days of heat and freezing nights, some jolting and climbing and struggling, such marvelling at hot springs and geysers, some swimming to erase from our backs the dents of rocks that had been our beds, and daily tussles with mosquitoes, it was like entering the land of Beulah to descend to Yellowstone Lake, one of the loveliest sheets of water in the world, and to pitch our tent on the soft sward near its shore. Dinner eaten, we trudged off to Natural Bridge, near the lake's western edge,—a dike of travertine that had been pierced and worn in long past centuries by a stream, and that is wide enough for a person to walk upon,

from one side of the ravine to the other. The passage is only ten yards long, or thereabout, but there is a drop of nearly a hundred feet to the bottom, if one makes a misstep, which he need not do. We were lounging near the arch on the northern side, when a tap of hoofs and creak of leather made us look up. A horseman had arrived on the southern brink of the chasm, and evidently wanted to cross. The meeting of men in a wilderness is always excuse for a display of interest and confidence. "Hi, there!" shouted the new arrival. "Is there any way to get over to your side?"

"Yes, that bridge is safe, if you look out for the hole in the middle of it." So he came trotting on, driving a herd of about twenty ponies before him, and having drawn rein as he reached us, we had a bit of talk together. Like many of the frontiersmen he was restrained and quiet: browned and furrowed so by sun and wind, that he looked, at first glance, older than he was, for he was at the verge of forty; an easy rider, rough in dress, bearded, long-haired, unkempt; and he had a doubtful, questioning look in his eyes. The usual revolver flapped in its case on his thigh, a knife was in its sheath, a rifle lay across his saddle, and from his belt hung a stick marked with eighteen or twenty notches, "one notch for each day he had been out," he said. The ponies of his herd were small, rough-coated, not blooded stock by any means, and were led by a red horse with a bell. There were a couple of colts. I noticed with surprise that two of the horses were loaded with Indian camp equipage, such as does not often form a white man's outfit. A tent of dressed buckskin decorated with Indian pictures was strapped to the back of one of the ponies. The man told us that he had just come from Colorado, was going to Montana to sell his horses, and wanted to know where he could find pasturage and water. We directed him to the grassy opening two or three miles distant, where we had pitched our own camp, and on returning, afoot, we found that he had picketed his

horses a few hundred yards from us, and was preparing to spend the night there.

When our supper was ready we halloed to him an invitation to come over and help eat it, for a man who went long distances in the West usually enjoyed little variety in his bill of fare, and we fancied that our fresh trout and our flapjacks with maple syrup would give an agreeable surprise to his stomach. He accepted (what traveller would not?) and fell to his work with a good appetite. After the meal he lit his pipe, dropped wearily on the earth before the fire, and smoked for some minutes, seeming to take comfort in our cheery talk, but offering few remarks of his own, and replying with hardly more than monosyllables to our inquiries. When his pipe was out he arose and left us abruptly, striding across the meadow in the direction of his horses.

Toot, who had watched him as he disappeared in the twilight, said in a low voice, "There's something wrong with that rustler. What's he doing with the Injun outfit? And did you notice them ponies? That's pretty healthy talk to give a man about driving such stock as that all the way from Colorado to sell in Montana. Ain't it? Them's Injun ponies, and you bet he's played it low on an Injun somewhere to get 'em. That's liable to make trouble in this park."

We were inclined to jest at the suspicions of our guide, though he had lived on the frontier from childhood, and had a quick opinion that was often surprisingly right,—a result of trained observation or instinct. As we sat on the earth, gazing into the blaze, listening to the voice of the wind in the pines and the chiming and patting of big and little waves on the beach, another fire flickered at a distance; two prospectors, travelling southward, had stopped there for the night. While getting their supper this happened: The rustler, who should have been asleep in his blanket, suddenly appeared before the younger of the men with a knife pointed at his breast, and in a

menacing tone demanded, "What did you tell those people" (indicating us) "that I killed that Indian down at the lake for?"

The one addressed looked quietly along the knife-blade, then, with a quick movement, whipped his pistol from its sheath and levelled it between the man's eyes.

"Put that thing back," he said. And the rustler put it back.

"Now," continued the prospector, "what do you mean by coming here and talking in that style? We've just come in and haven't seen the people yonder."

"I mean," retorted the rustler, "that you've been over there, you've seen them, and you told them it was me that killed the Indian they found by the lake."

"Never knew they had found an Indian by the lake."

"Well, they did, and I'd like to know why they can't let me alone about it. Why are people always pointing at me and talking about me, and saying I did it?"

The prospector stared in surprise. "I don't know," said he, "unless you did."

The rustler stamped his foot, tossed his arms, then walked away, while the prospectors, with surprise still on their faces, came over to us to inquire what manner of man he was with whom they had held this interview. We did not know.

On the second morning after this incident three of us set off afoot on the trail that leads by way of Mount Washburn and Tower Falls to Mammoth Hot Springs, leaving our guides to take the wagon by the alleged road to this latter point, through the geyser district. We had not been two hours on the march before the sound of horses was heard behind us, and we stood aside to let them pass. A herd of Indian ponies emerged from the shrubbery, and behind them rode the rustler. A noble forest lifting around us, the cañon of the Yellowstone yawning at our right, its terrors half veiled in wondrous color, sweet air, pure sky, and cheery sun made a joyous harmony, and with

it the glum, suspicious figure of the rider was out of key. At sight of us he pulled up sharply. "I want to go to Gardiner," he said.

"That's where we are going," one of us replied.

"Will this trail take me there?"

"Yes; but if you will turn back and go the other way, taking the first turn to the right, you'll find a road. This 's nothing but a trail."

He was silent for a moment, then said, as one who was half in sorrow, half in bitterness, "You're all against me, and you're trying to get me wrong on this, but I can find the trail in spite of you,—I can find it." And without further word he struck his horse and bounded on, the ponies scampering before him. A wearisome yet magnificent walk of two days and a half, through wilderness and over mountain-top, brought us back to Mammoth Hot Springs just as Toot drove in with our team, and, clambering into the wagon-seats, we resumed our ride. How and where we passed him I do not know, but during a halt soon after the rustler came up from behind, and clattered by with his ponies for the third time.

"Bozeman?" he cried, pointing northward.

"Yes," we answered.

The old doubt came into his face. "I'll find it in spite of you," he repeated. And he galloped away, each horse marking his course by puffs of dust that drifted up from the sage brush like a volley smoke. Our guide watched the retreating figure curiously. Then he remarked, with nonchalance, "That fellow's still got the Injun on his mind. He's doing his best to get his neck stretched by the time he gets back among folks."

The man's deed was self-proclaimed. In quarrel, possibly, but as likely with intent, he had killed an Indian, taken his effects and hurried from the scene of his crime, perhaps to avoid pursuit, perhaps to avoid himself. Alone in the wilderness day after day, he had brooded on his act until it was named to him in the whisper of leaves and gur-

gle of waters, written on mountain snows, painted in the sunset, re-enacted in moving shadows of the forest; when he met his fellowmen again nature had told them of it; so, man and nature he suspected. The brand of Cain was stamped upon his heart; with his own unwitting hand he bared his breast and showed it to us. I never saw him after. Was our guide's prophecy fulfilled. I wonder?

From "With Feet to the Earth." By Charles M. Skinner. J. B. Lippincott Company, Publishers. Price \$1.25.

SEEKING THE "POWER."

Euphemia told herself that it was because she loved Haines that she deprecated mockery as unworthy of him, that she would fain shield him from the sneers of those not half so good as he. She would rather have him eat out his heart in silence than besiege the throne of grace in any manner not calculated to inspire respect and admiration in those who heard his words addressed to the Almighty. As to the Deity, the goal of all these petitions, she never once thought of their spiritual effect, the possibility of an answer. She esteemed the prayer as in the nature of a public speech, a public exhibition, which, glorious in success, is contemptible in its failure in proportion to the number of witnesses and the scope of the effort. How could Owen Haines pray for the power to preach, when there was Absalom Tynes looking on so valinglorious and grand, and esteeming himself the most "servigrous" exhorter that ever vaunted his own godliness by implication in the fervor with which he called sinners to repentance? How could Owen Haines seek so openly, so painfully, so terribly insistently, as a privilege, a boon, as an answer to all his prayers, as a sign from the heavens, as a token of salvation, as the price of his life, that capacity which was possessed so conspicuously, without a word of prayer, without a moment of spiritual wrestling, without a conscious effort, by Absalom Tynes?

"I'd content myself with the power ter plough," she said to herself.

Then, in a pause, as he fell into retrospective thought, she said aloud—her voice not ringing true as was its wont, but with a certain tremulous vibration—" 'Pears like ter me, ez ye hain't been gin the power arter sech a sight o' prayer, 't would be better ter stop baigin' an' pesterin' the Lord 'bout'n it."

There was a moment's silence, during which the little roadside rill flung out on the air the rudiments of a song—a high crystalline tremor, a whispering undertone, a comprehensive surging splash as of all its miniature currents resolved into one chord *con tutta forza*, and so to whispering and tentative tinklings again. He had turned his clear long-lashed blue eyes upon her, and she saw the reproach in them. That courage in the feminine heart which dares do violence to its own tender fibres urged her.

"I hev tole ye that afore," she added sternly.

He was still silent. So sacred was that disregarded petition of his that, despite the publicity of its preferment, its free unrestrained fervors, he could hardly discuss it, even with her.

"Ye hain't hed no advices from the Lord," she argued. "Ye hev been prayin' fur the power constant, ever since ye got religion, an' the Lord don't take no notice o' ye."

A shadow was on his face, pain in his eyes. Any one more merciful than the proud woman who loved him, and who would fain have conserved his pride, might have pitied the sudden revulsion from the enthusiastic pleasure in the sacred theme so late upon his lip and firing his eye—which she accounted merely the triumphs of Absalom Tynes—to this abasement and sorrow and prescient despair.

"I kin wait on his will," he said humbly.

"Waal, ye better wait in silence," Euphemia declared, near to the brink of tears—angry and wounded and scornful tears.

" 'Ask an' ye shall receive, seek an' ye

shall find," he quoted pertinently, with that upbraiding look in his eyes which hurt her for his sake, and which she resented for her own.

"How long! how long!" she cried impetuously. "Will ye spen' yer life askin' fur what's denied ye, seekin' fur what's hidden from ye? The Lord's got nuthin' fur ye, Owen, an' by this time ye oughter hev sensed that."

"Then I kin pray fur the grace ter take denial from his hands like a rich gift," he declared, his face kindling with an illumined, uplifted look.

"Oh, yer prayin' an' prayin'! I'm plumb wore out with it!" she cried, stopping still in the road; then realizing the advance of the others she walked on hastily, and with the affectation of a careless gesture she took off her bonnet and swung it debonairly by the string, lest any emotional crisis be inferred from her abrupt halt. "Owen Haines," she said, with sudden inspiration, "ye air deceived by Satan. Ye ain't wantin' the power ter preach the gospel ter advance the kingdom. Ye want the power ter prance ez prideful ez a peacock in the pul-pit, like Absalom Tynes an' them other men what air cuttin' sech a dash afore the yearth ez keeps 'em from keerin' much *how* the nangels in heaven air weepin' over 'em."

He recoiled from this thrust, for, however his charity might seek to ignore the fact, however his simplicity might fail to discern it, his involuntary intuition made him well aware that "prancing ez prideful ez a peacock" was not altogether foreign to the pulpit here or elsewhere, and that undue vainglory must needs wait on special proficiency. She felt that she struck hard in imputing to him a motive of which he knew himself to be incapable. Perhaps he would have pleased her better had he combined his religious fervors with any intention so practical, so remunerative, so satisfying to the earthly sentiment of one not too good to live in this world.

It was eminently in keeping with that phase of his character which she most condemned that he should, with his cheek still flushed, with a surging tide

of repudiation of this baseness, with his eyes wincing and narrowing as from a blow, burst out in vehement defence, not of himself and his motives, but of Absalom Tynes.

She would hardly listen. "I hev hearn ye afore on Absalom Tynes, an' I don't want ter hear no mo'. I know what I know. Tell me thar ain't no pride in the pul-pit,—a-readin' an' a-talkin' an' a-preachin' so glib an' precise, an' showin' off so gran' afore the wimmin-folks, an' a-singin' so full-mouthed an' loud, an' bein' the biggest man thar; fur Satan, though he often gits his club-foot on the pul-pit stairs, ain't never been knowed ter step up! Ye tell me that ain't true 'bout some, ef not that precious deedle o' yourn, Absalom Tynes?"

"Euphemia," he said sternly in his turn, and her heart was full at the tone of his voice, "I dunno what alls you-uns; ye 'pear so—so—diff'unt—so—" He hesitated; his words were not wont to be ready.

"So diff'unt from what? From you-uns? I reckon so! Ef I war ter drap dead this minit, nuthin', nuthin' could hev made me act like you-uns, prayin' an' prayin' fur the power ter preach—whenst—whenst—Owen Haines, ye ain't even got the power ter pray! The Lord denies ye that—even the power ter ax so ez—ter be fitten fur folks ter hear!"

"The Lord kin hear, Euphemy; he reads the secret thoughts."

"Let yourn be secret, then!" cried Euphemia. "Fur the folks air listenin' too ter the thoughts which the Lord kin hear 'thout the need o' words—listenin' an'—an', Owen Haines, laffin'!" She choked back a sob, as her eyes filled and the tears ran out on her scarlet cheek. With a stealthy gesture she wiped them away with the curtain of her pink sunbonnet, carrying herself very stiffly lest some unconsidered turn of the head betray her rush of emotion to the other church-goers loitering behind. When she lifted her eyes, the flow of tears all stanchd, her sobs curbed, she beheld his eyes fixed sorrowfully upon her.

"D' ye 'low I dunno that, Euphemy?" he said, his voice trembling. "D' ye 'low I don't see 'em an' hear 'em too when I'm nigh the Amen?"

Her tears burst out anew when she remembered that the "Amen" was often said for him by the presiding minister, with such final significance of intonation, ostentatiously rising the while from the kneeling posture, as to fix perforce a period to this prolix incoherency of "prayin' fur the power."

"Ye don't *feel* it," she said, very cautiously sobbing, for since her grief would not be denied, she indulged it under strict guard,—"*ye don't feel it!* But me,—it cuts me like a knife!"

"Why, Phemie," he said softly, walking closer to her side—*noticing* which she moved nearer the verge of the stream, that she might keep the distance between them exactly the same as before, not that she wished to repel him, but that the demonstration might escape the notice of those who followed—"pears ter me like ye ought n't ter keer, fur mebbe I'll be visited with a outpourin' o' the sperit, an' be 'lowed ter work fur my Lord like I wanter do."

She turned and looked at him, when they had reached the top of a sort of promontory that jutted out over a leafy sea of the budding forests on the levels of the Cove below. The whole world of the spring was a-blooming. Even the tulip-trees, with their splendid dignity of height and imposing girth, seeming well able to spare garlands, wore to their topmost sprays myriads of red and yellow bells swaying in the breeze. The azaleas were all ablow, and a flowering vine, the merest groundling, but decked with delicate white corymbs, lay across the path. The view of the sinking sun was intercepted by the great purple range, heavy and lowering shadow and sombre of hue, but through the gap toward the west, as if glimpsed through some massive gate, was visible a splendid irradiation overspreading the yellow-green valley and the blue mountains beyond; so vividly azure was this tint that the color seemed to share the vernal impulse and glowed with unparalleled ra-

diance, like some embellishment of the spring which the grosser seasons of the year might not compass. From below, where the beetling rock overhung a wilderness of rhododendron, voices came up on the soft air. The others of the party had taken the short cut. She heard her mother's wheeze, the juggler's low mellow voice, her father's irritable response, and she realized that for one more moment she might speak without interruption.

"The Lord's got nuthin' fur ye," she averred vehemently; "he don't need yer preachin' an' he don't listen ter yer prayers. Ye hev come ter be the laffin'-stock o' the meetin' an' the jye o' the game-makers o' the Cove. An' ef—ef ye don't gin it up—I—I—ye'll hev ter gin me up—one or t'other—me or that."

He was not slow now. He understood her in a flash. The covert grin, the scornful titter, the zestful wink,—she cared more for these small demonstrations of the unthinkingly merry or the censorious scoffer than for him or the problematic work that his Master might send him the grace to do. Nevertheless, he steadied himself to put this into words that he might make sure beyond peradventure. He had taken off his hat. The wind was blowing back the masses of his fine curling fair hair from his broad low brow. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes alight and intense. He held his head slightly forward. "I must gin you up, or gin up prayin' fur the power ter preach?"

"In public—'fore the folks—I mean; in the church-house or at camp-meetin'. Oh, I can't marry a man gin over ter sech afore the congregations! But ye kin go off yander in the woods or on the mountings, an' pray, ef so minded, till the skies fall, for all I'm keerin'."

"Ye mind kase people laff," he said slowly.

"Ef people laff at me kase I be foolish, I mind it. Ef people laff at me kase *they* air fools, they air welcome ter thar laffin' an' thar folly too." This discrimination was plain. But as he still looked dreamy and dazed, she made the application for him. "Ye can't preach; ye can't pray; ye make a idjit

o' yerself tryin'. I can't marry no sech man 'thout ye gin up prayin' 'fore folks."

"Ye think mo' o' folks 'n the Lord?" Haines demanded, with a touch of that ministerial asperity expert in imputing sin.

But so widely diffused are the principles of Christianity that the well-grounded layman can rarely be silenced even by a minister with a call, much less poor uncommissioned tongued Owen Haines.

"The Lord makes allowa-ces which people can't an' won't," she retorted. "He hears the thought an' the sigh, an' even the voice of a tear."

"He does! He does!" cried Owen Haines, fired by the very suggestion, his face, his eyes, his lips aflame. "An' may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth an' my right hand be withered an' forget its cunning, may agues an' anguish rack my body an' may my mind dwindle ter the sense of a brute beastis, ef ever I promise ter put bonds on prayer or eschew the hope of my heart in the house of God. I'll pray fur the power—I'll pray fur the power ter preach till I lose the gift o' speech—till I kin say no word but 'the power!—the power!—the power!'"

Euphemia cowered before the enthusiasm her chance phrase had conjured up. She had not, in a certain sense, doubted the sincerity of her lover's religious fervor. She secretly and unconsciously doubted the validity of any spiritual life. She could not postulate the sacrificial temperament. She could not realize how he would have embraced any votive opportunity. He was of the type akin to the anchorite, the monastic recluse,—who in default of aught else offers the kernel of life, if not its empty shell,—even the martyr. For he had within him that fiery exaltation which might have held him stanch at the stake, and lifted his voice in triumphant psalmody above the roar of the flames. But although he had had his spiritual sufferings of denial, and floutings, and painful patience, and hope that played the juggler with despair, he had anticipated no ordeal like

this. He looked in her eyes for some token of relenting, his own full of tears above the hardly quenched brightness of his fervor of faith, a quiver on his lips.

Her face was set and stern. With a realization how deeply the fantasy had struck roots in his nature, she perceived that she must needs share it or flee it. She was hardly aware of what she did mechanically, but as she painstakingly tied the pink strings of her bonnet under her dimpled chin it was with an air of finality, of taking leave. She was not unconscious of a certain pathetic appeal in his life, seemingly unnoted by God, yet for God's service, and rejected by love. But she thought that if he pitied himself without avail she need not reproach herself to pity him more. And truly she had scant pity to spare. And so he stood there and said "Farewell" as in a dream, and as in a dream she left him.

From "The Juggler." By Charles Egbert Craddock. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers Price \$1.25.

SCIENCE AND "REALISM."

The great task of modern literature is to preserve the ideals of civilization and at the same time to keep them in harmony with the revelations of science. Rationalism has invaded literature as well as theology. We are no longer satisfied with a divorce of heart and head. We wish to think and believe as well as to feel. The poetry that satisfies a scientific age must know how to invest a fact with a charm; the fiction that satisfies it must be founded on a knowledge of life and humanity as real and as exact as the engineer's knowledge of the principles he puts into play in his management of the locomotive he guides. But this knowledge requires long and searching study and wide and varied experiences. It does not come by inspiration alone. Without the severe and exact training that belongs to scientific knowledge, we shall have pseudo-scientific superstitions and pseudo-scientific chimeras substituted

for the old-fashioned superstitions and chimeras of fairyland and mythology. This is what has really happened in fiction. The great popularity of the so-called realistic school is partly to be accounted for by the fact of its apparent revelations of scientific laws with regard to human nature. "Virtue," says Zola, "is a product like vitriol and sugar;" or "inheritance has its laws like gravity." That may be true; but as Georg Brandes remarks: "We know the laws of gravity, but as good as nothing of the laws of inheritance." So, too, we may know the conditions necessary to the production of vitriol and sugar, but there is no science of human chemistry to give us the molecular changes necessary to the production of virtue and vice. But the realistic school pretends to know the principles of such a chemistry. It has its system. It has badly digested Darwinism and the theories of the new school of criminal anthropology as set forth by Lombroso, and it uses a scientific jargon that appeals to the modern demand for explanation. The great public, like children who are satisfied with *any* answer to their questions, so long as it pretends to be an answer at all, greedily swallows the presumptions of the realistic school in order to satisfy its curiosity, and adopts the mistakes of its charlatan guides in supposing that because science reveals the social origin and evolution of some of our noblest sentiments, therefore these sentiments being purely artificial in their character deserve neither recognition nor respect, and the baser natural inclinations are to be preferred and followed instead. In no direction has this error made greater headway than in the recent frequent attacks upon the institution of marriage, and the degradation of the ideal of love into a purely physical attraction. Granting that love taken in the ideal acceptance of the term is the product of a higher civilization and was unknown among the ancients, it is none the less a reality because all are not capable of it, and none the less of a noble and lofty character. Evolution of sentiment is certainly as

noble and real a thing as evolution of matter. Civilization has worked out monogamy as her highest ideal and a departure from it would be a step backward into barbarism. It is impossible that in so close a union as that of marriage, there should not arise at some time that mutual irritation which comes from imperfect sympathies and a clash of interests and wills. It is impossible, too, that a union often contracted in a moment of youthful folly and illusion should not sometimes blind together those who should never have met, and for whom a divorce is the only legitimate reparation of a terrible mistake. But it is nevertheless true that a very great deal of the irritation and restiveness felt under the marriage yoke, by women in particular, is caused by that morbidly sensitive nervousness and hysterical egotism that are induced by unwise education and an idle, luxurious life. Our less refined ancestors were like children in their domestic relations; they quarrelled and kissed, forgave and forgot, and hand in hand went "down the hill thegither." Our modern married people nurse their wrath to keep it warm; they ruminate over their disagreements, exaggerate their importance, read exciting literature spiced with similar experiences, imagine themselves doomed to life-long wretchedness, and immediately begin to realize their anticipations. By far the greater part of the tragic-marriage fiction that has been flooding Europe during the past decade has come from the pens of women. It is the shriek of a petulant child, spoiled by over-indulgence and wholly engrossed in its own wilful desires; it is not literature.

Modern fiction, in attempting to be scientific, errs in another direction: it confounds psychology with pathology, which are two very different things; it gives us details that belong to medicine and the sick-room, and not to literature and art. It uses its powers as would the botanist who should neglect the flowers and trees around him and devote all his study to nut-galls and hideous excrescences on bark and leaves.

The description may be faithful, the language captivating, the interest well sustained, but after all, we have only got a nut-gall when we might have had an oak, "All that is true in psychiatry," says Lombroso, "is not acceptable in art. There is no doubt that exaggeration of truths is harmful to literature. The true is not always the beautiful and there are moral abysses which literature in the name of art has no right to explore."

But it is these moral abysses which much of modern fiction seems bent on exploring. It seeks its heroes among criminals and its heroism in vice. It pretends to follow scientific teaching, and it leaves out what does not suit its purpose and retains what it likes.

What place have the facts of criminal anthropology in art? Do they belong to art at all? Zola and his followers think they do, and that they have a leading place in art. But does he give us the facts as they are? Does he carry out his theory of realism? Let us listen to Lombroso again. Lombroso says that the leading idea of the "*Bête humaine*" is the born criminal. "But," he adds, "Zola has fallen into singular errors and violates the laws of truth and probability by an atavistic return to the old trick of romancers, who always conceive of fated events as committed in fated places by predestined men and predestined weapons. For example, in the '*Fortune des Rougons*,' there is mention of a gun with which a contraband kills a gendarme and which is used by a rebel nephew against another gendarme and later, in its turn, it kills the assassin, as if destiny were not in the hereditary instinct, but had been bequeathed to that unconscious instrument. But Zola's greatest error is not here; it lies in the portrayal of character. He has depicted drunkards wonderfully and even well enough the low bourgeois of villages and cities, but has not in my opinion studied the criminal from life. His portrayals produce on me the effect of those pale, blurred, photographic reproductions from oil paint-

ings instead of from the living subject. Therefore, I, who have studied thousands and thousands of criminals, am unable to classify Roubeaud; and a degenerate epileptic like Jacques ought to have many other defects; a singular violence of character and unreasonable irascibility, a profound immorality, while, on the contrary, he appears to be a good man, except in the ferocious moments that assail him."

There lies the vicious character and the consequent immorality of Zolaism. It pretends to give the truth, and it suppresses the greater part of it, and in that suppression falsifies what it borrows of reality. It calls itself scientific, and it knows nothing whatever of the broad, calm, impartial spirit of science that tells the whole truth and ignores nothing. It enlists our sympathies for what ought to excite our disgust. It subverts the principles of art by substituting the abnormal for what is normal, and in doing so corrupts the taste and the morals of its readers.

Another favorite subject for pseudo-scientific treatment in fiction, is hypnotism. The vast majority of readers who get their science from novels are under the impression that there exists in certain favored individuals a mysterious power by which they can influence others to do as it pleases them. In an age in which a novel whose plot is based on such a belief can attain unexampled popularity and become for a time the chief theme of pulpits and lecture-rooms, it is not out of place to attempt an explanation of this phase of hypnotism, in a work that wishes to familiarize the public with the principles of true criticism.

"I consider it established," says Wilhelm Wundt, of the University of Leipzig, an authority in the domain of scientific psychology, "that the so-called suggestion—that practised by words or by acts to suggest representations—is the principal if not the only cause of hypnotism. The action of other influences, such as fixing the attention upon a determined object, appears to be reduced to this fact, that they facilitate

suggestion in provoking a state of consciousness fitted to receive it, or that they themselves constitute a suggestive practice in the sense that they engender the idea of an hypnotic sleep. . .

"Undoubtedly hypnotism has its value in medicine by aiding physicians to act upon the nutritive functions by suggestion when the malady is a purely nervous one; but hypnotic enthusiasts believe they have found in suggestion a remedy for all the moral maladies from which we suffer. In the future, pedagogues will suggest to a child to be good and obedient until the desired qualities are fixed in the character. Under suggestion, it is said, all artistic works will be produced, from the feats of the acrobat to the less material productions of art. Legends and tales that rational criticism had expelled from history are restored to the dignity of facts worthy of belief. Sleeping Beauty is a cataleptic. Religions are based on hypnotism; their revelations are due to hypnotic suggestion; the tongues of the Apostles are explained in this way. Such are the phantoms of a science gone mad. Of all the relations of man to man that is the most immoral that makes of one the machine of the other. It is the most intolerable of slaveries. . . Besides it is a dangerous practice for the health. A constant diminution of the force of resistance of the nervous system ensues, and the subject becomes a victim to hallucinations through his extreme susceptibility to suggestion."

Here again we have the plain, scientific fact. There is no mysterious all-powerful influence emanating from some favored individual, no inevitable submission on the part of another accompanied by inevitable loss of individuality. There is simply a suspension of will-power on the part of a credulous person with an excitable and degenerate nervous system. The influence is not external but internal. The subject is simply the victim of self-delusion.

There are many other scientific truths of a revolting character of which it ought to be noted that the sex-

less spirit in which they are written and read by scientists is very different from the morbid spirit which in the name of art throws a brilliantly colored, finely-woven mantle of rhetoric over moral ulcers and moral weakness, and persuades unthinking readers that it conceals beauty and health.

The great giants in literature have always recognized this fact. They have chosen the strong, the beautiful, the graceful, and the enduring elements of human character as their chief themes. They have treated with a fine irony or an indulgently contemptuous humor the frailties, the eccentricities, and weaknesses of human nature. Shakespeare does not make the animalism that draws Touchstone to Audrey the theme of his brilliant comedy, but a modern novelist would have suppressed or subordinated Rosalind and Orlando, and in the name of realism and art for art's sake would have made the clown and his doxy the chief subject of treatment.

From "A Group of French Critics." By Mary Fisher. A. C. McClurg & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.50.

SOME BITS OF VERSE.

DECEMBER.

And wherewithal shall Earth be clothed,
to-day?
What music will she make, and speak
what word,
What beauty have, before unseen, un-
heard:
How will she stand, and what thing will
she say?
She thinks not of one loveliness of May,
Of any bloom of June, or singing bird,
Of any autumn hue: white-robed, un-
stirred
By faintest breath, she speeds the light
away.
White-robed and voiceless, yet in mead
or bough
Never before so beautiful: pure, still,
A virgin, mindful only of her vow,
She chooses well: fitly will she fulfil
The sacred rite. 'T is dusk: she sees it
now
Once more,—the star upon the Syrian hill,

THE HAPPIEST HEART.

Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day:
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown:
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet
And left to Heaven the rest.

THE POETS OF OLD ISRAEL.

Old Israel's readers of the stars,
I love them best. Musing, they read,
In embers of the heavenly hearth,
High truths were never learned below.
They asked not of the barren sands,
They questioned not that stretch of
death:

But upward from the humble tent
They took the stairway of the hills:
Upward they clomb, bold in their trust,
To pluck the glory of the stars.
Faith falters, knowledge does not know,
Fast, one by one, the phantoms fade:
But that strange light, unwavering, lone,
Grasped from the lowered hand of God,
Abides, quenchless forevermore.

THE WAY OF LIFE.

A soldier answered, "Bid the battle bray,
Woo me with music of the fray."

A boy laid by his playthings,—*"Mother
dear,
I soon can help: another year."*

A maiden gazed into the great night
sky,—
"Yes, God will send him by and by."

Steadfast, along the way of life they
passed:

A soft voice drowned the trumpet-blast,

The child—a little stone, on it his name,
The maiden's lover never came.

From *"Out of the Silence,"* By John Vance
Cheney. Copeland & Day, Publishers.

NOW LIKE A RED LEAF.

In youth how slowly passed the golden
day!

As if upon the stillness of some brook
You threw a roseleaf and the roseleaf
took

Its own sweet time to loiter to the bay;
The lark sang always; life was endless
play;

We lived on nectar from a poet's book,
Drifting along by many a sunny nook,
Little we cared—it would be ever
May!—

Now, like a red leaf on the autumnal
stream,

That cannot steer nor stop—that can-
not sink—

Swiftly I drift. As in some fateful
dream

There seems no time to pause—no time to
think;

The cataract roars—I see the white
foam gleam

Within the gorge—it draws me to the
brink!

ACROSS THE YEARS.

The old rememberable barn—how grey
It loomed above the orchard and the
spring!

The orchard where the robin used to
sing

Building his nest beneath the blossomed
spray.

Where are the rosebud maidens of that
day?

Some, like the birds, afar have taken
wing;

Some sleep below, but memories oft
they bring

Sweet as remembered odors of the hay.

Ah, yet once more across the shadowy
year

She meets me in the gloaming. Down
the lane

We hearing the dropping of the pasture
bars.

It is the trysting hour and kindly stars

Bloom in the twilight trees—O Love! O
Tears!

O Youth that was—that will not come
again!

From *"At the Gates of Song,"* By Lloyd Mifflin.
Estes & Lauriat, Publishers.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Benin, The City of Blood. By R. H. Bacon, Commander R.N. Edward Arnold, Publisher.
- Chalk Lines over Morals. By Rev. Charles Caverno, A.M., LL.D. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.
- Christian Missions and Social Progress. By the Rev. James S. Dennin, D.D. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, Publishers.
- Coming People, The. By Charles F. Dole. T. Y. Crowell & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Deeds that Won the Empire. By the Rev. W. H. Fitchett. ("Vedette") Smith, Elder & Co., Publishers.
- De Vere, Aubrey, Recollections of. Edward Arnold, Publisher.
- Evangelica: By Apollo Belvidere. American News Co. Price \$1.25.
- Freedom of the Fields, The. By Charles C. Abbott. J. B. Lippincott Company, Publishers. Price \$1.50.
- French Critics, A Group of. By Mary Fisher. A. C. McClurg & Co., publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Grammar, A Brief Italian. By Hjalmar Edgren, Ph.D. William R. Jenkins, Publisher. Price 90 cents.
- Harvey, William. By D'Arcy Power. T. Fisher Unwin, Publisher.
- Hero in Homespun, A. By William E. Barton. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Publishers.
- Jesus Christ, The Story of: An Interpretation. Illustrated. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers. Price \$2.
- Juggler, The. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Little House in Pimlico, A. By Marguerite Bouvet. A. C. McClurg & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Love's Way, and Other Poems. By Martin Swift. A. C. McClurg & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Men in Epigram. Compiled by Frederick W. Morton. A. C. McClurg & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.
- Mary, Queen of Scots. By David Hay Fleming. Hodder, Stoughton & Co., Publishers.
- Nelson, Pictures from the Life of. By W. Clark Russell. Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Poems from the Divan of Hafiz. Translated from the Persian by Gertrude Lowthian Bell. Wm. Heinemann, Publisher.
- Prophet's Mantle, The. By Christabel Coleridge. Isbister & Co., Publishers.
- Providential Order of the World, The. By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D. Hodder, Stoughton & Co., Publishers.
- Seven on the Highway. By Blanche Willis Howard. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Shakespeare, Puritan & Recusant. By Rev. T. Carter. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, Publishers.
- Shakspeare, The Lovers'. Compiled by Chloe Blakeman Jones. A. C. McClurg & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Spain, In Northern. By Dr. Hans Gadow, M.A., Ph.D., F.R.S. A. & C. Black, Publishers.
- Spain in the Nineteenth Century. By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. A. C. McClurg & Co., Publishers. Price \$2.50.
- Spain, With a Pessimist in. By Mary F. Nixon. A. C. McClurg & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.50.
- Stories from Italy. By G. S. Godkin. A. C. McClurg & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Stories of Famous Songs. By S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald. John C. Nimmo, Publisher.
- Stowe, Harriet Beecher, Life and Letters of. Edited by Annie Fields. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers. Price \$2.
- Theology of an Evolutionist, The. By Lyman Abbott. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Travels in a Tree-top. By Charles C. Abbott. J. B. Lippincott Co., Publishers. Price \$1.50.
- With Feet to the Earth. By Charles M. Skinner. J. B. Lippincott Co., Publishers. Price \$1.25.

